THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXV.—No. 1502

SEPTEMBER 28, 1932

[Registered as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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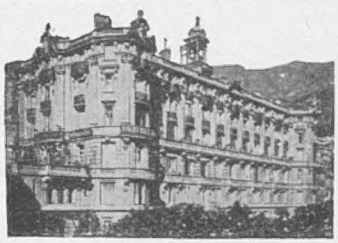

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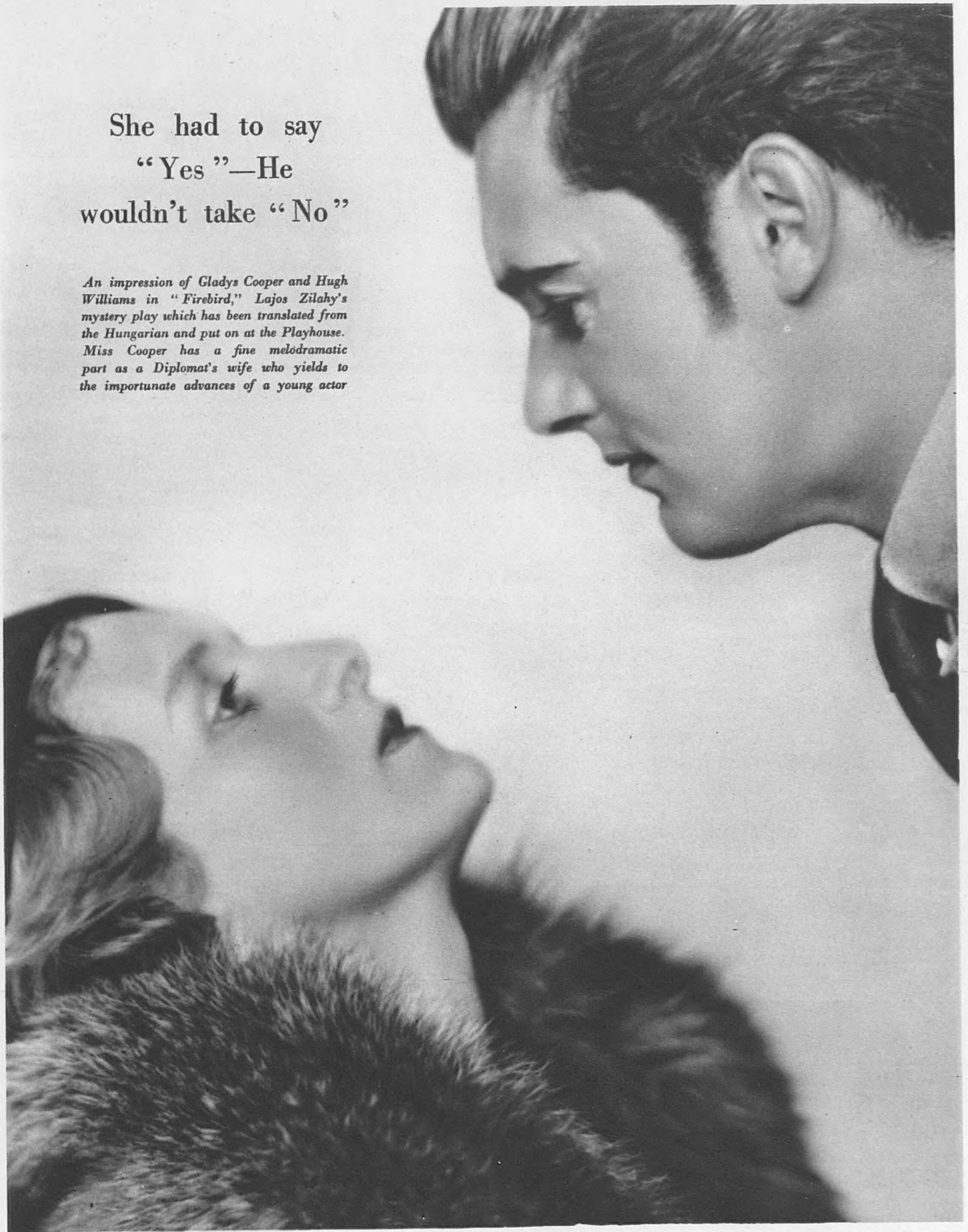
The Bystander, September 28, 1932

No. 1502. Vol. CXV

The BYSTANDER

She had to say "Yes"—He wouldn't take "No"

An impression of Gladys Cooper and Hugh Williams in "Firebird," Lajos Zilahy's mystery play which has been translated from the Hungarian and put on at the Playhouse. Miss Cooper has a fine melodramatic part as a Diplomat's wife who yields to the importunate advances of a young actor



Dorothy Wilding

Northward Ho!

A Batch from Over the Border

At Knock, Isle of Mull

The Hon. Jock Skeffington, Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard's son, Mr. Angus Cameron, Cameron of Lochiel's nephew, and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine. Knock is Lord Massereene's place in Scotland

Right:

That East Wind!

Lady Blandford comes out of the Gleneagles Hotel, where she has been staying, and finds the east wind is blowing there as well as over the rest of Britain

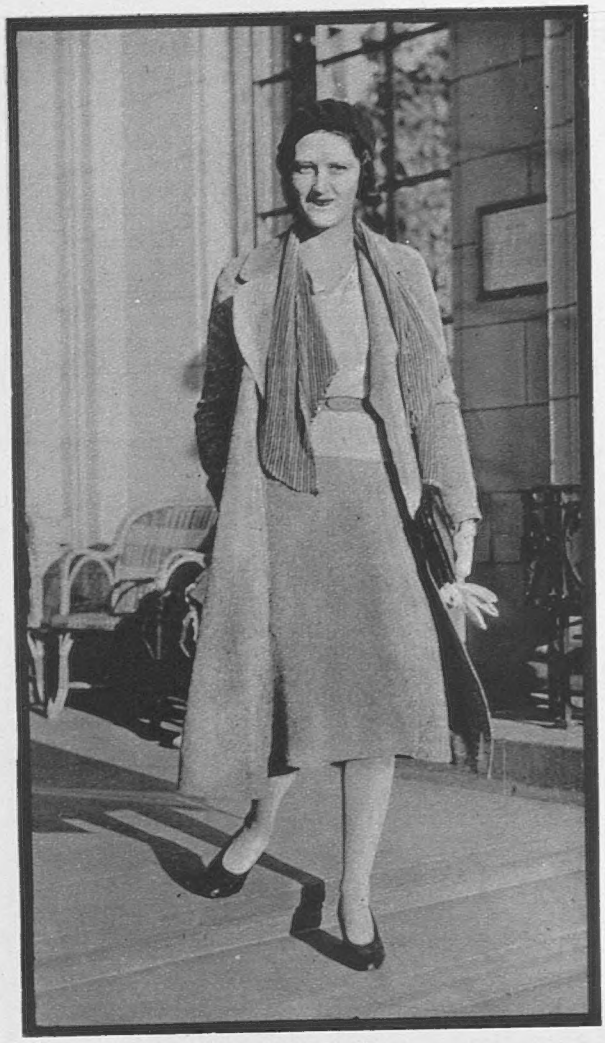
Three lovelies at Musselburgh Races: Lady Stewart-Clark, Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark's attractive wife, who was Miss Jane Clarke, with Miss Marion Burrell and Miss Critchley, in the paddock

Two more at Musselburgh: Mr. Robert Baird and Miss Evelyn Baird, son and daughter of Mr. and Lady Hersey Baird. Their home is at Lennoxlove, Haddingtonshire

The Passing Hour:

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Right: Lady Alexandra Metcalfe at the Gleneagles Hotel, when she and her husband called there on their way to stay with the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin



In Scotland—

Lady Warrender and the Earl of Portarlington were photographed when they were members of the same house-party up North. Lady Warrender is the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, M.P.

Poole, Dublin

—And in Ireland

Viscountess Gormanston and her family at Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath. Her eldest son, Viscount Gormanston, succeeded in 1925; his two brothers are the Hon. Robert and the Hon. Stephen Preston, and his sister, who is twenty this year, is the Hon. Antoinette Preston

HAVE you yet become an amateur vendor of those note-cases? I fell for it at the Savoy grill the other night, when a most noble marquess signed me on the dotted line. He said that he had received his first cheque for fifty shillings that morning. It has already become the successor to scavenger hunts—trying to find someone who has not yet bought a note-case—with a real reward after your first three clients.

IN case you have not heard of it, the scheme is, roughly, that you buy a note-case for a pound, and, in addition,

receive a number of purchase forms on which you try to sign up your friends to do likewise. For, after the first three, you receive a commission of ten shillings on each case sold through you. This can mount up very rapidly if you have a large circle of acquaintances. It is said that Lady Zia Wernher and Mr. Rupert Bellville have both made over two hundred pounds at it.

Below: Miss Martha Magrane and Miss Pamela Baker in the garden of the Gleneagles Hotel. Miss Magrane is over from New York and has been doing the Scottish season; Miss Pamela Baker was staying at Gleneagles with Lady Park Lyle, her grandmother

Racing in Midlothian

Capt. Douglas Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Ford at Musselburgh Races. Mrs. Ford was Princess Maria Bariatinsky; she and her husband came over from North Berwick for the second day of the races

Lady Betty Montgomerie

The youngest of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton's three daughters; she came out a year or two ago. Her eldest sister is Lady Barbara Gore, wife of Mr. Christopher Gore

CERTAINLY both their names figure among the people who have allowed their names to be printed as having drawn commission in this way. Other names in this surprising list are Lady Massereene and Ferrard, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Noreen Bass, Lady Ossory, Lady Maud Warrender, and Lady Doris Vyner. Personally, I should be amused to know what was the series of links between myself and the first person on the chain of which I am momentarily the end. Altogether, this is much more fun than those ridiculous chain-letters of a few years ago, and shows a profit.

LONDON has filled up rapidly in the last few days. At the theatre the other night I saw Somerset Maugham and Lord and Lady Brecknock, Madame de Peña, who gave the first party of the Little Season, Harry Preston, whose recovery from his most recent operation has made him fitter and jollier than ever, Lord Milford Haven, whose wife is exploring Persia with Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Maharanee of Pudukota, who was with her son, and Beverley Nichols.

AT the Savoy at supper the other night were Lady Jean Macintosh and her cousin, Mr. Jack Ryder, who has returned from a cruise to find that his butler has disappeared together with three thousand pounds' worth of jewellery and heirlooms. It is particularly unfortunate for him and his wife, because the butler, who was an ex-Guardsman, was the most perfect example of his kind—a regular Jeeves, in fact. Now they do not know how to replace him, and, meantime, there is no sign of their jewellery or anything else.

DURING the week I have also run across Mrs. Duckworth, who was Miss Alice Hammond, of New York. Her husband is one of the Members of Parliament for Shropshire, but at the moment is forgetting his politics in the South of France. Another encounter was with Miss Frances Day, who is going into her

Left: Major "Fruity" Metcalfe on the terrace at the Gleneagles Hotel. He and Lady Alexandra had tea there, but had to sleep in Perth as the Hotel was full

Film First Nighters

Above, left: arriving at the Palace Theatre for the first night of "Grand Hotel," which took place last week: Lady Melchett and Mr. Julian Hoare

Gloria Swanson goes with her husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, to see some more stars in "Grand Hotel," which had a much smarter première than most films get in London, and deserved it, with its brilliant cast and production

first straight show on October 3. She should be a great success.

MOST interesting of all was a glimpse of Frederick Lonsdale, who has not been seen in London for months, and has perforce been rather eclipsed by the limelight round Noel Coward during his absence in the United States. It is high time we had a new comedy for him. I also saw Major Nugent, the Adjutant of the Brigade of Guards, and said to be one of the most brilliant soldiers in the Army.

WHICH reminds me that Sir Charles Harington and a number of other officers of the higher command at Aldershot are now up at Criccieth to take part in a mountain-warfare scheme. Rather cleverly, all the maps give Indian names for the various landmarks, which makes it more realistic, and also prevents any underhand aid being secured from the local villagers, many of whom, in any case, can only talk Welsh.

BY the time this appears in print one will know exactly who is back in London as a result of the Embassy's opening night, and whether they approve the new glass walls and concealed lighting effects. Also whether Peter was there to welcome his guests; if he does not return to Old Bond Street, I personally shall regret it very much—he was a worthy successor to Luigi. Last week there were still several stragglers on the Continent and in Scotland, despite the first touch of autumn in the air. Sir William and Lady Jowitt are at Sorrento, for example. At Cannes, in the new night-club which calls itself Warkiki, you could see Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie, Lord Caledon, and Sir Oliver Duncan, while at Biarritz the Marquis de Portago has been playing polo and, incidentally, received a nasty crack on the thigh.

Engaged

Miss Vivian Averil Nicholl, Mrs. Peter Horlick's sister and the second daughter of Mr. Charles Nicholl, is engaged to Mr. Ivor H. Powell Edwards, Irish Guards, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Powell Edwards' only son

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM is about again, as well as her alter ego, Miss Jeanne Stourton. And who could be surprised at seeing Lady Bridget Poulett, too, back from Venice. I had rather thought, when I read the programme at the first night of Noel Coward's new show, that the item called "Three Débutantes" would refer to them. I was disappointed.

Lady Slade, Sir Alfred Slade's wife, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Michael Slade, at Taunton Races. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Slade live down west, at Barnstaple

IT is rather a pity that W. T. Tilden did not play at Wimbledon this year. He has been playing, with most of his old skill and determination, in Berlin. Suzanne Lenglen, another old war-horse of past tennis triumphs, has been at Cannes, but tennis is now finished and done with as far as she is concerned. You may remember that she thought of taking part in Lady Wavertree's exhibition garden party in the summer, but found that she was far too rusty to play in public.

PARIS is greatly intrigued by the thought of the first Paris Fashion Show to be nationally broadcasted in America, which will take place in a month's time at a grand gala dinner at the American Women's Club. Both Mr. Jean Charles Worth and Mr. Jacques will speak over the radio in a dialogue act, the first representing the production, or creative, side of the business, while the second will uphold the financial, or selling, end. This will be transmitted from Paris directly by the National Broadcasting Company.

THE idea is to hold the dinner late enough in the evening so that the affiliated clubs in America can hold, on the Western Coast, luncheon-parties to "listen in," and tea-parties in the Middle West and East for the same purpose. For private listeners-in, it is hoped that the rotogravure sections of the newspapers in various parts of America will publish photographs of the models with sufficient descriptions to enable those people to identify the models.

IN these days of shrunken incomes, it is pleasant to hear unofficially from a very senior permanent official at the Treasury that there is still an Englishman who pays not only a million and a quarter income-tax, but also another three-quarters of a million in super-tax. It makes one wonder who it can be. I have a pretty shrewd idea myself, but I was not allowed to gratify my curiosity by the direct question.

HOWEVER, things really are looking up everywhere, and the rises on the American Stock Exchange and elsewhere are being reflected by the crowds in the restaurants and the large increase in the numbers of champagne buckets that are called nightly into use.

PROSPECTIVE brides and bridegrooms will benefit by the return to prosperity. In the past two years wedding presents have been distinctly on the thin and inexpensive side. Lady Rosemary Baring is getting married near Minehead, while Lord O'Neill and Miss Anne Charteris have chosen the almost inevitable St. Margaret's, Westminster, for their wedding on October 5. I say "almost," because Lord Erskine's girl has chosen Holy Trinity, Brompton, for the day after.

IT is a pity that Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish are going to spend so much time at Lismore. London will miss them. But it must not be supposed that Lismore is an uncomfortable, ill-lit old place, as some gossip-writer tried to make out when they got married. Miss Astaire-that-was felt very indignant about this, and pointed out that it was as up to date as any residence in Carlton House Terrace.

BACK in London, Marion Harris is still charming her devotees. Her new song, "Crazy People," draws the town to the Café de Paris. Lady Furness and Lord and Lady Sackville, all back from Biarritz, were there the other night. The former was wearing her famous black pearls, which can only be equalled by those of Countess Karolyi—if the latter still has them in these troublesome times.

Right: leaving Stock Church, Essex, after their wedding last week: Miss Rosamond Haggard, Vice-Admiral Sir Vernon and Lady Haggard's second daughter, and Mr. C. W. Holdsworth Hunt, Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. Holdsworth Hunt

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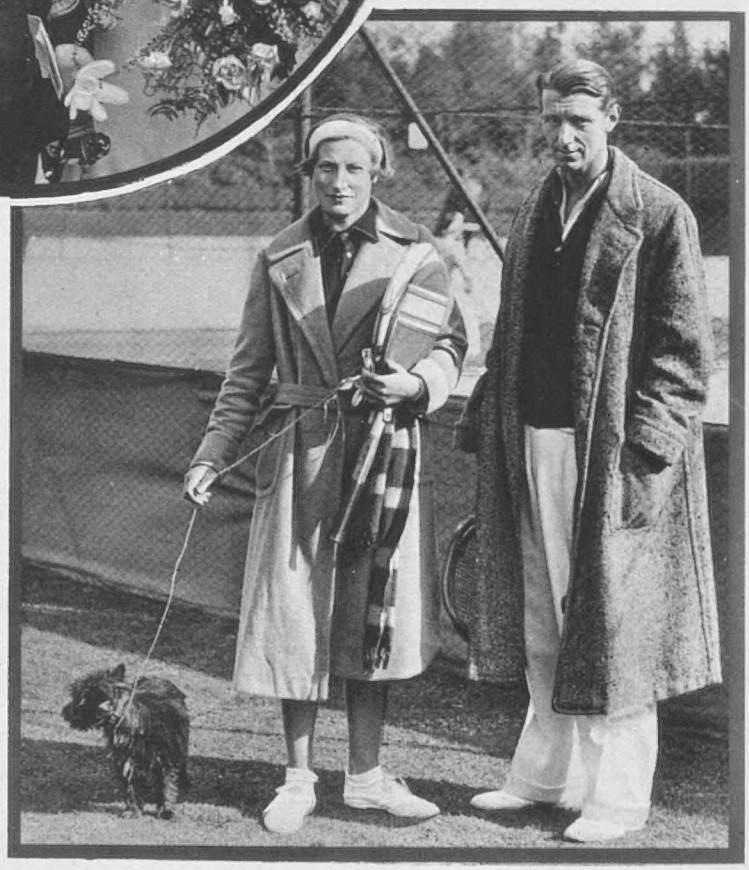
A Correction

THE BYSTANDER perpetrated a howler last week in the caption accompanying the photograph of Miss Daphne Du Maurier. Mention was made of her engagement when, actually, as everybody knows, she and Major F. A. M. Browning were married in July. THE BYSTANDER apologises to Major and Mrs. Browning for this slip of the pen.

Work before play: Princess Priscella Bibesco and Miss Bonham-Carter [redacted] taking a bit of exercise with the roller on one of the greens of the children's course at North Berwick

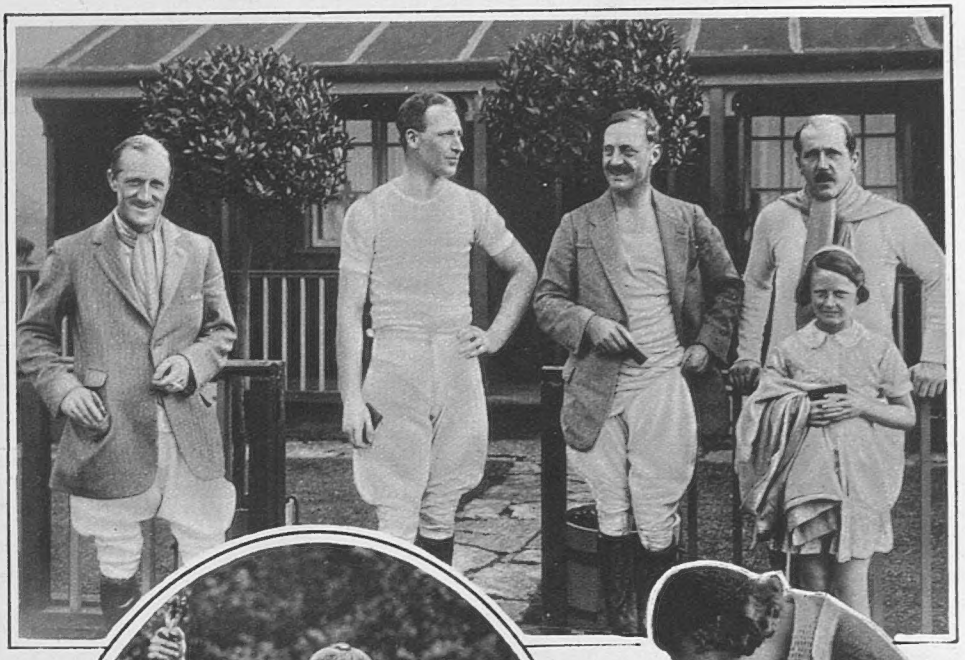


Two competitors in the annual tennis tournament at the Gleneagles Hotel: Lady Catherine Willoughby, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, and Mr. W. B. Henderson

Heralds of the Hunting Season

and the Last of Polo

Right: The Hyam team, who won the last match of the Beaufort Polo Club's season: Major T. L. Horn, Capt. O. J. Battine, Lord Apsley, Mr. A. Brunner, and a small supporter, Miss Cole



At the Brackley Hunter Show—the Hon. Denzil Fortescue, Lord Fortescue's second son, and Lady Penrhyn, whose husband was president of the Show. Lady Penrhyn's Popinjay took a third in one of the Classes

Above: The results of a successful morning's cub-hunting. Mr. Bill Brunskill, Master of the South Oxfordshire, outside a covert

Above: The snapper snapped. Lady Manton takes a photograph at the Warwickshire Hunt Horse Show

Warwickshire regulars at Moreton Paddox, where the Hunt Horse Show took place: Mr. Wilfred Fletcher, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, and Mrs. Smith-Ryland

Left: Capt. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Bingham, Mrs. Philip Dunne, and Capt. Leslie Jones at the ring-side at Moreton Paddox

Kid Berg, the famous boxer, with Bunty Pain, one of the prettiest of Mr. Cochran's young ladies

Cosmopolitans

at Noel Coward's First Night

Above: The Earl and Countess of Brecknock talking to Mr. C. B. Cochran

Left: Mr. Quo-tai-chi, the Chinese Ambassador, with Mrs. Quo-tai-chi

The ever-young Fannie Ward, who is one of the most persistent of first-nighters

Mr. J. A. Mollison, with Kathleen Countess Drogheda, photographed in the vestibule during the interval

Hors d' Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

PERSONALLY, I find shy people a little tiresome, but I met a man yesterday who finds it unfailingly attractive. He will enjoy some of our beauties—Mrs. Ronnie Balfour for one, whose shyness makes her reserved; Lady Warrender, who on first acquaintance is formidable. Among the young unmarrieds there is not enough shyness, but Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell is extremely shy—unlike her sister Joan.

WHAT do authorities think of the recent visit, by air, to his country estate of an Earl who is not "allowed" into England?

THE new dissolvable after-two-minutes-in-the-water bathing-dresses have not made a rich young bachelor very popular in Essex. A joke from Cannes can be a frost over here.

AMERICAN girls get a reputation for beauty which is not always justified. I am not a great admirer of Miss Dukes; Miss Hutton is pretty, but not beautiful; Mrs. Woolf Barnato is very attractive and also pretty, but I wouldn't describe her as lovely. From her pictures, I should judge the new Mrs. Kaye Don as good-looking, but I expect we shall have adjectives expended wildly on her American charms.

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM is thinner than ever. She is, of course, just as beautiful, but looks so much older than her real age. Miss Jeanne Stourton will have to bant to keep the "double" illusion alive, but her face is undoubtedly younger looking.

HOW well people look after their holidays! Mrs. Edward Baron looks the picture of health after Biarritz; so does Lady Phyllis Allen after Pourville, Cannes, Biarritz, and again Pourville; Mrs. Murphy is golden-skinned from a yachting holiday, and her golden hair is more golden than ever from a golden sun.

IS there any truth in the hopeful rumour that very royal hands might be united across the North Sea?

MRS. CORNELIUS, who was Lady Northesk, though perhaps we remember her best as Jessica Brown, is in London, on a visit from Cairo. Very lovely and very chic, she is a great success in that gay town, and her charming flat is filled with the most amusing and distinguished people. Can she still dance so beautifully, I wonder, or is that "verboten" to a diplomat's wife?

FEW women allow their eyebrows to be golden. The Comtesse Bosdari is an exception—hers are very fascinatingly arched, and exactly the colour of her straight-cut hair. At one time she wore them so thin that they almost vanished.

I WONDER who will carry off the Publicity Autumn Colours! The débutantes' prize was won by Lady Pamela Smith last season; the ex-débutantes' by Miss Rose Bingham, and the young marrieds' by Mrs. Peter Horlich. Out-of-season laurels of newspaper cuttings have undoubtedly been gained by Lady Diana Cooper; Miss Bunting Stephenson, and Lady Phyllis Allen, with Mrs. Violet Hirsch as runner-up.

"Arthur"

An impression by Tony Wyzard of the "big noise" of Punch's Club, who is the Hon. Arthur Eliot, a brother of Lord St. Germans

Prince Keyril Schorbatow, with Mrs. John Munroe (left) and Mrs. Crawshay, on the Garoupe Beach at La Garoupe, which has become one of the fashionable spots on the Riviera

MISS ORIEL ROSS is having a great success. She first appeared in London in the "Mayfair Revue," written by Barbara Cartland, where she danced all the débutantes and society young things off the stage, and was the hit of the evening. Young and amateur as she was, she had a tremendous stage personality, which has been intensified and developed in Hollywood.

THANK goodness furs are to be very much in vogue this winter. There is nothing more becoming to a woman than her face framed by soft furs. Mrs. MacNaghten, Lord Airedale's sister-in-law, has some of the most wonderful sables in London. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid has a marvellous chinchilla cape, and most of us will look quite divine in chopped rabbit.

THE young men of Mayfair are assembling for the winter season. I saw Mr. John Mason, tall and sunburnt; Mr. Toby Warrington, eager and alert; Mr. Charles Sweeny, serious in turned-down evening collar; Prince Ali Khan, dark eyes flashing around at everybody.

D

At the Theatre

Ivy St. Helier as the oldest postmistress in England and as Maggie, the dresser; Doris Hare (right) as the below-stairs film fan in "Mad About the Boy"

Shavian Complexities and Immaculate Coward-ice

Sketches of "Words and Music," at the Adelphi, by KEN

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD"

MR. SHAW'S measles microbe, comforting the low-brows with a reminder that the exit doors were in good order, informed us at the end of the prologue that the play was virtually over. Well, it was and it wasn't.

With the war-microbe in his brain, Mr. Shaw transports his heterogeneous collection of Lost Souls and Vile Bodies to Active Service in some imaginary Gallipoli, where the Colonel dabbles in water-colours and the real work of guerilla warfare is done by a personification, in Private Meek, of Lawrence of Arabia and Kipling's Tommy Atkins of an earlier generation. The sham Cockney nurse, now a sham Countess, expounds the doctrine of inconstancy and sets her cap at a manly sergeant who reads Bunyan and don't-know-where-'e-are; the pampered invalid, disguised as a native Hula-hula girl, rejoices in her new-found animal health, but complains that man, in his efforts to live close to Nature, is merely an ineffective fertilizer; the crook-parson, extolling the sweetness of Logic, that gift of the teacher who can explain any doctrine on earth provided it has dramatic possibilities, seizes every text for a sermon.

It is a strange Shavian tide which alternately tickles our toes and sweeps over our heads into the realms of Einstein (that arch-destroyer) and electrons, Dogma that was and—God help us—no longer is, shattered faith and hopeless to-morrows. For Mr. Shaw's sad new world is a bottomless abyss of utter negation, darkened by the shadow of the next Armageddon, when the modern cities shall be burned with fire from heaven and the nations shall perish, because no new way of living has emerged from the chaos. Having ridded his darkening stage of all but one of his flippant puppets, Mr. Shaw's burglar-preacher ends the play with a magnificent speech, which Cedric Hardwicke delivers with superb artistry.

It is all very bewildering, this process, of being jerked from the sublime to the ridiculous, but our laughter and expectancy are constant factors in three hours of stimulating flux. Ralph Richardson's philosophic Sergeant is the acting plum of a mixed pie. Ellen Pollock's Cockney Nurse-vamp is amusingly pert and subtle. Cedric Hardwicke pitches his cynical sermons on exactly the right note of incisive restraint, whereas, in the Elder's lengthy discourse, H. K. Ayliff, the producer, while dedicating that despondent atheist's hands to St. Vitus, allows monotony too much rope. Scott Sunderland's Colonel and Walter Hudd's Private Meek are excellent; and Leonora Corbett hovers with gusto between morbid introspection and animal spirits.

John Mills, in "The Children's Hour"—a cocktail and nag's-tail

"WORDS AND MUSIC"

TWO shows by two Super-Men in one week! Who said the Theatre was in a mortal decline? Once more it must be recorded that Mr. Cochran has "done it again"; one can almost hear the rattle of the shekels in the till. How satisfactory

Nora Howard (left) and Joy Spring in "Mad About the Boy"

to take in gold and pay out in silver! Stars-in-the-making are cheaper than those fixed planets whose wagons are hitched to three-figure magnitudes; their success is assured when the material provided is of the highest class. The Coward stable of "outsiders" is on a sequence of winners before the flag falls; they have but to screw their courage to the sticking point and failure is impossible. Nevertheless, all honour to the newcomers for hits personal and palpable. Nora Howard, when it came to the school-girl's turn to sing about her idol in *Mad About the Boy*, a sparkling foursome for film fans, made good once and for all. Romney Brent exploits a neat, quiet humour through a nice American personality. John Mills, from *Cavalcade*, adds a dancing diploma to natural ease and ability. Doris Hare is a clever all-round soubrette whose high-spot is *Three White Feathers*, the lay of a pantomime star held up in the Mall queue with her Guardsman husband. "Now it 's the three white feathers, but it used to be the three brass balls" is the burthen of the witty refrain. Mr. Coward writes this kind of cameo lyric to perfection. *The Wife of an Acrobat* is another miniature human document, made-to-measure for Ivy St. Helier in her sharpest tragi-comic *Bitter-Sweet* vein. The author is a good picker: this great little comédienne is a revue artist to her finger-tips. Another "find" is Steffi Duna, a dancing tragédienne who seems to be a compound of Tilly Losch and Flora Robson! Joyce Barbour, always safe and sound, is now given a chance to score off her own bat.

As for the pattern, the homogeneity, the wit, the décor, the tunefulness, the immaculate style, the musical abundance of the revue, I have never seen, nor hope to see, a more compact, coherent, better balanced, better dressed, better anything show. It is knit together with music so that it becomes a continuous entity. The catchy tunes have the typical Coward lilts and mannerisms; the lyrics the authentic multi-syllable cadences and adept rhymings, as if the words were father to the notes. Not too easy to sing, but asking to be hummed, strummed and whistled.

If anything of such diversity as a revue can have a theme, one can definitely find it here in the twice-seen trio of débutantes, almost severely posed in virginal white against a silvery background. "It 's the younger generation, knock, knock, knocking at the door," is a text ever fruitful of good Coward. And so we get the *Children's Hour*—cocktails in the nursery, with the shaker concealed in the rocking-horse's behind—and *Children of the Ritz*, Miss Barbour's song, which deserves its two separate renderings if only for the change over from black to white, the predominating notes in Mrs. Calthrop's exquisite décor, in the dresses of soloist and chorus. (Mr. Cochran's Young Lovelies are more lovely than ever.)

I have no space to particularise; but *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, a scathing blow at Government House; *Journey's End*, uproariously guyed à la Charrell in an orgy of balloons labelled "Come to the Coliseum. Three matinées a day" (oh, those naughty nuns and their candles! It was high time somebody had a go at them); the three brilliant burlesques of Ballet—club, boarding-house and crèche—these are, perhaps, the best pickings. The first prize for laughter-making will hover, I fancy, between *Journey's End* and the devastating *Midnight Matinée*, which should hand out the coup de grâce to all charity tableaux and those lordly ones who aid and abet them.

Words and Music forever disposes of the canard that Noel Coward is a young man; his real age is three hundred and ten, and all the plays erroneously attributed to Bacon were written in school hours when Noel and a youth called Shakespeare shared a desk at St. Hathaway's.

TRINCULO.

"No matter how much we sozzle and souse,
The sun never sets on Government House."—

Romney Brent in "Mad Dogs and Englishmen"

Joyce Barbour singing the scathing refrain of "Children of the Ritz"

A Racing Reverie:

Looking Back on the Bright Side

By "Regular"

The autumn race-meetings in Scotland are very popular events; Ayr is, perhaps, the most so, but Musselburgh comes a good second. Lady Delamere and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine were two of those present at the Edinburgh Meeting there

LAST week and, I am afraid, on several previous weeks, my articles have struck a somewhat mournful note. Goodwood, York, and Doncaster were one long tale of long prices and long faces.

FOR months now, so it seems, I have had to chronicle of blasted hopes, bogus favourites, beaming bookmakers, and bewildered backers. I know some more like that, but already I catch the Editor's disapproving eye.

THIS week, though, I am going to oust dull care and look only on the bright side. Regardless of the fact that our bookmakers' accounts lie unsettled in our pockets, I am going to be all bright and gay, and look only on the salient features of the season, so far as it has gone.

YOU do not look for youth and beauty at Lincoln. Personally, the only things I look for at Lincoln are the bar and a good train home.

IMAGINE my surprise, then, when I saw Mrs. Peter Horlick. It was before she commenced wearing an outsize in eyelashes, so one could distinguish her face quite clearly, and very nice it looked, too.

BY far the most pleasing feature of Liverpool was Mrs. Colclough. I saw her both before and after I had lunched in Mr. Topham's luncheon-room. On *both* occasions she looked divine. I especially wish to emphasise this, as, after lunching with Mr. Topham, my judgment has occasionally been at fault.

THE Grand Military at Sandown isn't Flat Racing, but it provides a lot of very smart people with too much fun, my dear. This year it was made memorable by the wild speculations of "the younger son of a déclassé Earl," who found himself in a "tiny" mess before the week was out.

I HAD, though, promised to allude to only the salient features of the season, and a very salient feature and highly popular result was Sir Peter Grant-Lawson's victory in the Grand Military.

Two more who went racing at Musselburgh last week were Viscount and Viscountess Churchill; a further series of those present at this meeting appears on the opposite page

THERE weren't any salient features about the Epsom Spring Meeting, except that "Jumbo" Joliffe won one of the sellers, and put all his friends on it; it was about the only winner they backed.

GUINEAS week brought all the "lovelies" for the first time, and, in consequence, there were a lot of "Delights" there as well. The "big feature" was Orwell's smashing victory in the Two Thousand, but, as I have written in a previous article, poor Orwell was somewhat overshadowed by Miss Margaret Whigham, whose white get-up caused a very big stir.

MISS WHIGHAM, to me, is what Greta Garbo is to Cedric Belfrage—there are a number of Debs, ex, present, and sub—and there is the Whigham.

I HAVE never seen the competition for second prize so keen, though, and when I say that Lady Ashley (looking absolutely divine), her sister, Mrs. Bleck, Miss Rose Bingham, and Miss Betty Williams, who gave me a winner, all clustered together, it can easily be understood that the racing, for many of us, had to take second place—a very unusual thing at Newmarket.

I ALSO saw Mrs. Gerald Wellesley racing for the first time for ages. Prior to her second marriage she was our loveliest Regular, but nowadays her appearances are few and far between.

GOOD-LOOKING men were also plentiful, and Sir Tim Birkin had forsaken his noisy motor-cars in favour of our dumb animals for a day. When I saw him he was very kindly assisting Sir Robert Throckmorton through a bottle with some very "fizzy" wine in it, while, a little farther away, Mr. Charlie Baillie Hamilton was also being a good Samaritan.

YES, the bars were very full. They always are when the favourite 's "obliged." Personally, though, I always feel more tempted when the good thing 's been upset. (I mean the horse, not the drink.)

AND now we come to Epsom. In the past I 've always gone to Epsom without another thought in my head than the racing. I 've tucked myself away cosily in the Members' Stand, where women aren't allowed, and for four whole days (only *days*, mark you) I have banished all thoughts of the opposite sex.

I HAD intended to do the same this year, but an invitation to a friend's box, and a peregrination to the paddock, put an end to all that, as in quick succession I saw Lady Brougham and Vaux, Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Mrs. Bryan Guinness (looking lovely and talking to—I should have said, being talked to by—Mr. Randolph Churchill), all the "lovelies" mentioned in the previous paragraph, and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett.

MRS. "FLASH" KELLETT now holds the much-sought-after right to be considered our most attractive Regular. A few months ago she was hotly pressed by a very attractive lady, but the latter's temporary retirement from the Turf has left Mrs. Kellett in undisputed command.

TOM WALLS'S smile as he led April the Fifth in, and the reception he received from winners and losers alike, will be discussed for all time.

I FIND that I have exhausted my space, and the season not half over. Next week I shall continue my resumé of salient features.

Racing in Scotland

Personalities at the Autumn Meeting at Musselburgh

Miss Lambton is with Lady Susan Egerton, whose home at St. Boswell's is within easy motoring distance of Musselburgh, where the Edinburgh Autumn Race Meeting took place last week

Consulting Their Cards

Lord Digby, Lady Rosebery, and Lady Linlithgow discussing the next race in a nice sunny moment. Lady Linlithgow brought over a party to the races

Lady Anne Hope, Lady Linlithgow's eldest daughter, and a débutante of this year, talking to Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry in the paddock

Four Scots seeing a joke together: The Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone's two elder daughters, Sir Philip Dundas, and Lady Mary Egerton; Lady Mary is Lord and Lady Ellesmere's third daughter

UP AND DOWN DEPT.

FILMS TO SEE:

Grand Hotel—Garbo and the Vicki Baum novel. Good Garbo.

Horse Feathers.—The Four Marx Brothers. Grand—if you like the Marx Brothers.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—A study of what Hollywood and Fredric March have done to R. L. Stevenson, an author. In general release.

FILM NOT TO SEE:

Arms and the Man.—Mr. Shaw and Elstree combine to make good theatre bad film.

DECIDE YOURSELF:

The Faithful Heart.—Super sob-stuff; very British and Edna at her Best. It depends on whether you like sob-stuff.

"Grand Hotel," the seven-star M.G.M. film version of Vicki Baum's novel, has come to London, to the Palace Theatre. Below is a scene with Joan Crawford as Flaemmchen being argued over by Preysing (Wallace Beery) and Kringelin (Lionel Barrymore)

Connery Chappel *discusses* The PASSING PICTURE

WHOOPEE! Gadzooks! And, likewise, Hurrah! The craziest, stupidest, and most adorable quartette on the screen have hit the Plaza.

The Marx Brothers, in other words, are in town, and the faithful are trooping to see *Horse Feathers* by the thousand. You can see them any night of the week, exhausted from hearty laughter, leaning up against imaginary lamp-posts, talking to invisible policemen, behaving like the genial lunatics we Marx worshippers really are.

On the other hand—and we can but shed a passing tear at their awful plight—for every Marx lover there are a hundred Marx haters. The Brothers are the most cordially detested people on the screen. While the Haymarket resounds with their giggles, Wigan remains pensive, Swansea adopts a sober air of boredom.

NEVER has the screen produced more glorious flops than the steady succession of Marxian absurdities. London may bellow its applause, but Glasgow remains unimpressed.

Horse Feathers will fail with the same facile distinction of its forerunners. The faithful will pass out with laughter, and the cads will pass out asking for their money back.

This time they are at college. Groucho gives lessons in anatomy; Chico gives several anatomies a severe lesson. They play football, when they can find one, do a bit of scrapping, wisecrack, make love, play the harp, play the fool, and make a play for the "college widow."

Harpo used to keep a car and chauffeur; he couldn't afford both, so he dispensed with the car. He kept the chauffeur in case he wanted to be taken to work. But he hadn't any work, so it didn't matter.

Groucho had the brain of a four-year-old boy who was rather glad to get rid of it. The girl friend had no brain at all, but she was so popular that a hot-dog stand in her boudoir would have done a roaring trade.

Chico had a zip-fastener on his banana skin; it was easier to eat that way. Zeppo cracked nuts in the telephone; but the girl friend cracked nuts everywhere.

"You've ruined my son," wailed Groucho in the climax. "Why not do as much for me?"

THERE it is; seventy minutes' hearty cackling. A hundred jokes, some good, some bad. Funny business on the football field and dirty business in the dressing-rooms.

Possibly it is only half as good as *Animal Crackers*. Possibly you think that matters: I don't. Coupled with the incredible Greta, whose famous

A Few Re-Marx

Left: The Marx Brothers took over the Plaza last week, when "Horse Feathers," their newest film, was put on there. Here is Thelma Todd, not getting on quite as well as they'd like her to with Chico and Groucho, two of the Brothers

SHOW

visage, by the way, is now thrilling us at the Palace, the Brothers remain the only people on the screen worth the payment of real money.

Blackpool invented six extra " B's " with which to criticise them.

LAST week, with that devotion to the sacred cause we critics always pretend we feel, I sailed out on a voyage of discovery. The films, Wardour Street told me gloomily, no longer " drew." The public was dead.

In the course of my travels I saw a sex film in Edinburgh, a romance in Newcastle, a jungle epic in Glasgow, a slapstick comedy in Berwick, and a lovely piece of Euclid in Durham. It was true there were not many audiences, and most of those were the nicest dead people I had seen for months, but the appreciation was uniformly genuine.

EDINBURGH, for instance, lapped up Robert Montgomery in the film version of Novello's *Truth Game*. The tension when Robert did his " get-that-dame " act, was as thick as the atmosphere, which is saying some.

I approached one of the mortuary keepers tenderly. " What does it really like ? " I queried. " The public ? " he replied. " It likes musical comedies. And it likes sex films, and it likes jungle pictures, and slapstick, and drawing-room stuff."

Which proves the point, I think. Never mind which point.

BY the way, that Gable fellow has a rival, one Chee-Ak, a swarthy lad from the frozen snows, whose profile looks pictorial against the icy wastes of *Igloo*.

Hollywood, having discovered Chee-Ak, has christened him the " Arctic Clark Gable." As a result of which we have to decide whether they mean that the lad is Gable's northern representation, or whether they mean he is just like Gable, only less passionate.

The film, which deals with the eternal snows, where men are men, and women are just four dots on the commentary, is an interesting picture in which the seals do the sex-appeal and Chee-Ak does the hunting.

There is a commentary, one of those tough-baby affairs, rich in adjectives and weak on syntax. Take some cotton wool and you 'll enjoy the picture.

A SUDDEN spurt in the woollen underwear market, coupled with an economic crisis in Little Bath Street's ice-cream trade, prompts me to remark that the Film Society is shortly starting its new season.

There is an unfortunate tendency among the critics to raise pontifical eyebrows at the mention of that body, and dismiss its work too lightly. I deplore this attitude. The Film Society should be patronised by every film lover with the interests of the screen at heart. It was, and is still, the only link between England and filmic art. Non-commercial, it can afford to import pictures for one Sunday afternoon, and show its members films which the ordinary cinema can never exhibit.

It has been guilty of frequent lapses from its own high standard ; it has been accused of bias in favour of the work of lesser artists ; it has all sorts of enemies. Its failings are more than counterbalanced by its achievements. During the last six years it has shown more real film than any other society, institution, or club in the world. If its new season's programme equals its past achievements, we are in for a series of cinematic shocks.

A Talkie Recruit

Above : Isobel Jeans, who is making her first talkie in the British Lion Studios at Beaconsfield, in the part of Mrs. Durlacher, in " Sally Bishop "

Right : Ruth Selwyn dresses for the beach or for boating. Or, perhaps, only for the camera. She is one of M.G.M.'s young actresses, and will appear in " New Morals for Old," the film version of John van Druten's " After All." She played the part of Mitzi in " Polly of the Circus "

Shorts and Stripes

Footlights or Arc Lamps

Sarah Cazenove or Lady Camber

Always the Inimitable Gertrude Lawrence

Gertrude Lawrence is not only appearing in "Behold, We Live," at the St. James's Theatre, but is also working at Elstree, where she and Sir Gerald du Maurier are continuing their very successful partnership in "The Case of Lady Camber," the B.I.P. version of Vachell's novel, which is now under production. Being an actress and a film star at the same time, or, rather, at different times in the same day, means, quite obviously, a lot of very hard work

If Gossip We Must . . .

The Pot Political: Melting and Boiling— "Clever" Communists — Mayfair gone Shavian — Fashionable First Nights

THE changes and chances of this mortal life have a shaft of dazzling limelight turned on them the moment we get into matters political. Who, ten years ago, would have imagined that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would ever have administered a kindly pat on the back to the *Morning Post*?

That admirably conducted Die-Hard journal, which is related territorially to our own, expresses similar views on most things, and is equally apprehensive of the menace of Socialism, has just celebrated its 50,000th issue. And the erstwhile leader of the Socialist Party pays the organ of Conservatism a long and friendly tribute, while from Mr. Baldwin, the titular head of the Conservative Party, comes not a word.

Perhaps Mr. Baldwin was not asked to say anything. If so, that is queer. If he was asked, and refused, the thing is queerer still. Dare one think of a third course—that he sent in his meed of praise and it was not printed? But, no! I absolutely decline to believe that this is possible.

THE political world has been declared to be in the melting-pot almost since I first began to realise that politics existed. Now it seems to be melting, pot and all.

For your staunchest Tory is probably an ex-Socialist, just as the most fervid Roman Catholic is always a convert from Protestantism. And Jimmy Maxton, who is in favour of a general strike and general chaos here and now, is as far from the Lansburyites as the Lansburyites are from Lord Snowden; and Mr. Baldwin is much closer to Mr. MacDonald than he is to the Tories of the Right.

When Parliament meets shortly the whole thing will boil up and almost anything may happen. I think the National Government should be supported, not because it is a Ministry of All the Talents or anywhere near being immaculate, but because it is doing its best and because any change might be utterly disastrous.

But that change may come at any moment. The Twickenham result, with the vastly reduced Tory majority, did not look too healthy. A General Election is not so far distant as is generally imagined.

COMMUNISTS have been noisy and a nuisance. In numbers the Party is negligible, and its activities at election time are mostly confined to forfeiting deposits. But the rioting at Liverpool and at Twickenham (where it was almost certainly not the work of defeated local Socialists but of imported roughs) was a sign that the Party is not dead. Russia supplies it with its life's blood.

Sir Henry Lytton—

One of the most popular people who ever appeared in a Gilbert and Sullivan part, Sir Henry Lytton has made the sad announcement that the present season of these operas, which started at the Savoy this week, will be his farewell one

—And His Successor

Martyn Greene as Major-General Stanley, in "The Pirates of Penzance"; on him will fall the cloak of Ko-Ko and the Duke of Plaza-Toro, in succession to Sir Henry Lytton

Hard Work

Benita Hume, who is still continuing her success in "Party," now at the Gaiety, is also taking a leading part in "Sally Bishop," which is being filmed at Beaconsfield. What with one job and the other, she is working about eighteen hours a day

But a lot of quiet, and possibly unconscious, support comes from the "frightfully clever" and superior folk who write in certain highbrow reviews.

The editor of one of these has just returned from Russia—needless to say, a very short stay. The attitude adopted by him and by his contributors is not, of course, violently pro-Russian. Yet the pooh-poohing of any suggestion that Soviet Russia is a menace to the decency of the civilised world is consistent.

In priggish and lofty fashion it is invariably implied by these folk that Russia is right about everything and England wrong; that Gandhi and De Valera are right and England wrong; that in this country all are half-wits—save the little academic clique which

O.K. Chief!

agrees with them, and anyone who commits a murder or assaults the police or who wears no clothes in public or who is prosecuted for selling indecent literature.

Coupled with all this one finds references to Royalty which are either insulting or offensively patronising.

I repeat, it is the "literary" section who are the true apostles of Communism. They are much more dangerous than a few misguided rowdies. And should Communism come they would be the first to get a kick in the pants. Let them remember what the Bolshevists did to the scientists, professors, skilled writers, etc.—to those of them, that is, who did not starve to death.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Bernard Shaw's progress as a playwright—and his latest effort has been received with very mixed opinions—the premières of his dramas are vastly different functions from those of his earlier days.

I remember when the faithful at a Shavian first night consisted of the intelligentsia only—and a queerly dressed intelligentsia at that. Fabians, food-faddists, the wearers of home-spun clothes, the arty-and-crafty crowd were the main supporters. But the people who welcomed *Too True to be Good* made one realise not only that Mr. Shaw has a glittering following, but that London in September regains, socially speaking, nearly all of its June form.

Early in the proceedings on that first night at the New Theatre there was a rumour that the author, who was in a box, would make a speech at the fall of the curtain. But it was not to be. Shortly before 11 o'clock I saw him, overcoatless, in St. Martin's Lane, surveying genially the player of a tiny harmonium.

But Sir Barry Jackson was in good oratorical form, and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, who in each act has to utter a spate of words, added a few more—this time from *Heartbreak House.*

Below:

Dorothy Black

Who has lately become a playwright as well as an actress; her first play, which is based on Vere Sackville-West's novel, "The Edwardians," is to be produced shortly by the New Croydon Repertory Company

Walter Bird

No less distinguished in quality, and even more overwhelming in quantity, was the Noel Coward first night at the Adelphi.

The discomfort in the intervals and at the end of *Words and Music* was appalling, largely because the main object of the architects who build new theatres, or who rebuild old ones, is to make the aisles and sundry passages as narrow and as stuffy as possible. You find none of this stifling muddle in the

"What's to do, then?" Again

Bodger's immortal phrase is already one of London's everyday utterances. Bodger is Mr. Sydney Howard in private life; in "Night of the Garter" he is a butler; we might add "and how"

Exit the Body

Above: In the haunted barn in "Night of the Garter," the farce at the Strand Theatre. Teddy Darling (Harold French) directing traffic for Bodger (Sydney Howard) and the body, Barbara Phipps (Marjorie Brooks)

older theatres, which were, for the most part, erected with a view to dignity and spaciousness.

But some of the crowding at the Adelphi first night was not the fault of architects.

The gang of swarthy sightseers who are out for free entertainment on such occasions, and see that they get it, were not content with gaping on the pavement at amusing nonentities. They surged into the Adelphi's cramped little vestibule in order, literally, to rub shoulders with the objects of their inspection.

The theatre officials could surely prevent this, just as the police are able to marshal these goggle-eyed starers into some sort of order on the pavement outside. Since they do not possess tickets and since, the box-office being closed, they cannot pretend that they are there to buy any, they could be cleared off as trespassers.

So why not, on the analogy of platform-tickets at railway stations, charge 'em sixpence a head, and give the proceeds to a theatrical charity?

Romano's had many unofficial clubs within its walls in the old days when Phil May, Dicky the Driver, the Dwarf of Blood, George R. Sims, the late Marquis of Ailesbury (known alternatively as "Ducks" and "Billy Stomachache"), and others of a cheery crowd, nearly all of them dead and gone, used to patronise the place. Well, too, do I remember the round table in the corner, where Arthur Collins entertained his friends during pantomime time, and where Harry Wilson, the Man of Law, told us the inside stories of the latest crimes.

There is now a real "Roman's" Club, and bearing that title. A club in the Strand is a rarity. But this one is actually an offshoot of the famous restaurant. It has just been opened as a "cock-and-hen" affair, with dancing and a cabaret, in addition to the usual club amenities, and it should have a good following of the right sort of members.

There are, thank goodness, plenty of people in London who can enjoy themselves in this fashion without making a boring Bacchanalia out of it. And there are just as many gay spirits about, though hampered by nonsensical restrictions, as there were in the 'nineties, when the standard of freedom was higher and income-tax lower, and the discomforts of "Progress" were less to the fore.

Walter Bird

Cleopatra

Peggy Ashcroft is the new leading lady at the Old Vic, and is appearing this week as Cleopatra in Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," with which the season there opened

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 8. The Jockey

A JOCKEY is a little chap
Who wears a brightly-coloured cap,
A silken shirt and breeches white,
And, though his build is often slight,
He owns an able pair of hands,
As strong and firm as iron bands,
With which to steer his mount along
And make the creature finish strong.

The Paddock is the proper place
To search for him before the race,
And you will always find him there
Attending, with a thoughtful air,
To last instructions from his boss
As to the way to ride his hoss——
Although, in fact, he knows much more
Than many owners reckon for!

He leads a Spartan life although
He sometimes makes a lot of "dough";
You see, he's haunted by the fear
That added weight will cost him dear,
For racehorses object to run
With riders weighing half a ton,
And so his life is doomed to be
A grim affair of weight and see.

ENVOI

I love to see him on his horse
Come tearing madly down the course;
But I should love him more if he
Would finish in the leading three!

B. W.

Our tame poet, whose verse week by week appears in these pages, is now wearing sackcloth and ashes. He has been severely called to account recently for describing a justly famous British car as a "Morris Cow" in one of the *Songs of Sportsmen*, dealing with motoring; as a penance for thus abbreviating Cowley and cutting out the "ley" in his lay, it has been suggested that for the next four weeks he should raise his hat in solemn salute to every one of these cars he meets, even though such a constantly repeated action would entail the purchase of a new hat.

Paul Laib

Crinoline

Mimi Crawford wore a billowing white crinoline dress when she was painted by Mr. James Gunn, but she does not look very Victorian, though very attractive in the graceful pose Mr. Gunn chose for her for the picture

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

An incident during the match between Blackheath and Rosslyn Park, at Blackheath. The home team, who were out for the first time, won by 26 points to 10. Bedford beat the other first fifteen easily

As I sat in the blazing sun at the Rectory Field the other day, watching Blackheath and Rosslyn Park amusing themselves, I wondered how the Rugby Union authorities could ever hope to influence the development of so haphazard a game as Rugby football. Here were thirty fellows enjoying their Saturday afternoon with complete disregard for the recent fulminations of the International Board. There was not the slightest attempt to carry out various sub-sections of Law 15; the forwards packed down in fixed places, and every suggestion for "retaining the spirit and traditions of the game" contained in the International Board's letter to players was entirely ignored.

I am not bewailing the fact, but simply recording it, for the spirit and traditions of Rugby football were in perfectly safe keeping with Blackheath and Rosslyn Park. What did interest me, though, was this confirmation of a belief of mine that the Rugby football player is a refreshingly independent individual.

He takes no notice whatever of suggestions from headquarters, and he very rarely bothers to read the laws through himself. I doubt whether five per cent. of modern players have ever seen a copy of the laws, let alone read them, and this indifference makes it all very difficult for serious-minded bodies like the International Board.

The truth of the matter is that the International Board set about disseminating their propaganda in the wrong way. They cannot hope for immediate results, and they would be far better advised to approach the schools where Rugby football is played. If they could convert schoolmasters to their beliefs, they would be tackling the trouble at its source, for while a boy is at school he may be taught the right principles, but afterwards it is too late to worry him with arguments about the ethics of forward specialisation.

The winning high-jump in a line-out at Herne Hill, when Upper Clapton beat the London Welsh by a goal and a penalty goal to two tries

Personally, I sympathise with the International Board in their endeavours, but they have a mighty big task before them. Just how big it is I had not realised until the other day, when Commander Coopper told me that 932 clubs are now affiliated to the Rugby Union. If we take the very moderate average of fifty members a club, this gives us over 45,000 players in England alone, and, in addition to the affiliated clubs, there are a great many others who have not yet linked up with the official organisation.

It would, I think, be safer to assume that there are 60,000 players in England—a staggering total which alarms me as I write it—and then there are the hordes of spectators to be considered. All these individuals are in part responsible for the future welfare of Rugby football, and it is the Rugby Union's job to see that they are wisely instructed in their duties. Is it any wonder, therefore, that some of us view the future of the game with a certain amount of anxiety?

But, putting aside these generalisations for the moment—and I do so reluctantly, for just now it is difficult to take much interest in the ephemeral incidents of Saturday afternoon football—what particular points shall we be looking for during the coming season which will support our conviction that the standard of play is bound to improve?

First of all, I hope we may find that the lessons taught us by the Springbok scrummagers have sunk in, and that club pack will concentrate on getting the first shove, and on the essential virtues of consistent hard work. It would be interesting if scrummaging could be seriously taken in hand at the 'Varsities, where the respective captains have peculiar opportunities for practice and training. A 'Varsity pack should be a first-rate scrummaging machine, and so it could be if less attention were paid to the frills and fripperies of forward work. It would be grand if Oxford or Cambridge produced a really heavy, solid pack, thoroughly drilled in the arts of wheeling scrummaging, shoving, line-out work, dribbling, and cohesion in the loose. Such a pack might well revive interest in the possibilities of old-fashioned forward tactics and methods.

At any rate, a general return to first principles in scrummaging is of primary importance, and this we shall look for anxiously. Half-back play, on the whole, is pretty good, I think, though it would be encouraging to discover a tendency among stand-off halves to study the many implications of constructive tactics. At present they are mostly individualists, and we need a few more Kittermasters to nurse our budding centre threes.

But as I try to enumerate the positive signs of a revival for which we shall be searching, I am forced back to the conclusion that all our troubles may be traced to that general indifference of players which I noted at the beginning of this article. Players simply do not think or worry enough about the game, and in some ways this is an admirable thing. On the other hand, what we really need is more intelligent discussion of tactics by club teams, and more deliberate attempts to improve team-work as a whole. As things are now, club football is a casual business, and players just turn up and enjoy their game and forget about it until the following Saturday. The result is that most club matches are loose, purposeless, disjointed affairs, and we shall not see any improvement in the general standard of play until the players themselves settle down and determine to develop the possibilities of Rugby football as a scientific game.

Society Portraiture

Miss Jean Follett

Edmund Harrington

Mrs. Ronald Balfour

Two new portraits in "The Bystander's" gallery are those of Mrs. Ronald Balfour and Miss Jean Follett. Mrs. Balfour is one of the loveliest of the young-marrieds, having graduated to that position from being one of the most beautiful debs of her year. Before her marriage to Mr. Ronald Balfour in 1929, she was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, and is a niece of Lady Diana Cooper. Miss Jean Follett represents the debs of 1932, as she was presented in May this year by her mother, Lady Evelyn Fitzgerald

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Phot

Below: A brillia
Lilian Bond also
film adaptation of
to be seen in L
therein; she, too,

Gloria Stuart

A star of the 1932 vintage is Gloria Stuart, who made her name in "The Old Dark House," in the large cast of which she was one of the only two Americans. Beautiful she always was, and her ability to act has now been revealed. She is at present working for Universal in a new flying film called "Air Mail"

ing Stars in
ying Films

io of Hollywood Lovelies

hotographs by George F. Cannons

Lilian Bond

ast member of the English contingent in Hollywood. e was in "The Old Dark House," James Whale's of J. B. Priestley's novel, "Benighted," shortly London, and she greatly enhances her reputation oo, has now gone into the cast of "Air Mail"

Tala Birrell

Who is rumoured to be Universal's chosen candidate for the place of Queen of Hollywood when, and if, Greta Garbo really does abdicate. Tala Birrell is co-starring with Paul Lukas in "The Zeppelin," another sky-thriller, now in production. Her last London appearance was in "The Doomed Battalion" in the Universal studios

Below: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, one of the most attractive of the sub-debs, is the elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward

Above: Countess Howe, wife of Earl Howe, who has always been considered one of the most perfect types of fair English beauty

Above: Lady Brougham and Vaux; she and her sister, before they were married, were known as the lovely French sisters

Left: Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who is the wife of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, is another of the most English of beauties

Right: June, as herself on the stage, or as Lady Inverclyde in "The Whole Story," is as well known as any blonde in England

Familiar Faces

BEAUTIFUL BLONDES—BY PAT CHARLES

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

EVENING wraps this winter are apt to be either three-quarter length or to reach the ankles. They favour full sleeves gathered just above or below the elbows and are worn with a fox tie mounted on a separate velvet scarf. That they are made of velvet almost goes without saying, and to be really smart they should be accompanied by matching velvet gloves

Rough Tweeds and Smooth Furs

New Coats and Suits for Early Autumn

ON the left of the sketch above is shown a coat from Fortnum and Mason made of one of the new rough woollen materials which are so popular, and trimmed with Persian paw. This coat, which is lined throughout with crêpe de Chine, is only one of a number of models to be found in the ready-to-wear department, marked at the remarkably reasonable price of 12½ guineas. Every coat in this series is trimmed with real fur—no clipped rabbits are available!—and all are made in Fortnum and Mason's own workrooms

IN the centre of the sketch is a green and black tweed check suit from Asprey which is fastened with three black buttons and a smart black suède belt. Next to it is a coat made of a rough black woollen material and trimmed with a somewhat clerical cravat of white shaved lamb. Both of these costumes come from the new model department at Asprey's, which has been entirely re-organised and where clothes by one of London's best designers (who must remain anonymous) are shown in a modern setting well worth a visit

Scarves of Spotted Silk or Knitted Wool

Yevonde

Shaw Wildman

MISS NINA VANNA, who intends to make her home in London this winter and to continue her stage and film work in this country, is justly known for her chic. Here she is seen in a navy blue coat and skirt which serves as an admirable background for a spotted scarf and muff made of the heavy silk from which men's ties are fashioned. Her cleverly shaped béret is of navy blue suède

MISS JUDITH ANDERSON, the New York star, recently visited us and did us the signal honour of buying her autumn wardrobe in London. She was particularly delighted with this country suit from Peggy Morris. It consists of a brown woollen skirt, a brown suède jacket gathered into a belt studded with silver nail-heads, and a jumper and scarf of brown and white wool hand-knitted in a honeycomb design

Hunting and Hacking Clothes, 1932

NEW fashions for women are always proclaimed to the world with a flourish of trumpets. They provide a topic of comment for everyone. Even for those to whom new adornment is, unfortunately, not possible on financial grounds, there is the consolation of a dissertation from a "what's the world coming to?" point of view. New fashions for men provide no such excitement, except when someone suggests something really startling—a pale blue dinner jacket, perhaps. The general public is not informed of the changes that take place in men's fashions; they change furtively.

And so it is with that feminine attire which closely resembles men's riding costume. Although they are said not to change, we have only to look back five years or so and compare the clothes then and now to note the difference. The general tendencies of

THE reliability of H. J. Nicoll's tailoring is already a legend and their up-to-the-minute riding suits, very smart with check breeches, give further proof of the excellent work always achieved by this house

THE books at Busvine's show that people come from all over the world to buy their riding habits here. This reputation is well earned, for their every suit is the last word in what is correct and sportsmanlike

fashion are reflected invariably in riding clothes.

This being the case, we are not surprised to find that the coat of the side-saddle habit is slightly more "waisted," owing to the general fashion for more fitted lines; nor that the top-hat and the bowler, like our urban hats, aim at making the head look small. What a contrast is the present-day top-hat for hunting to the tall, shiny stove-pipe of a few years ago! The larger woman, too, can attain this same head trimness; if she takes care of the crown, the brim takes care of itself, becoming automatically a trifle wider. We appear to be progressing in the recognition that neatness is the first law to be observed in riding costume.

IF you are small, order a rather short astride coat and breeches of a lighter shade, and, whether you are tall or short, you will be delighted if you order them from Harry Hall, of Oxford Street

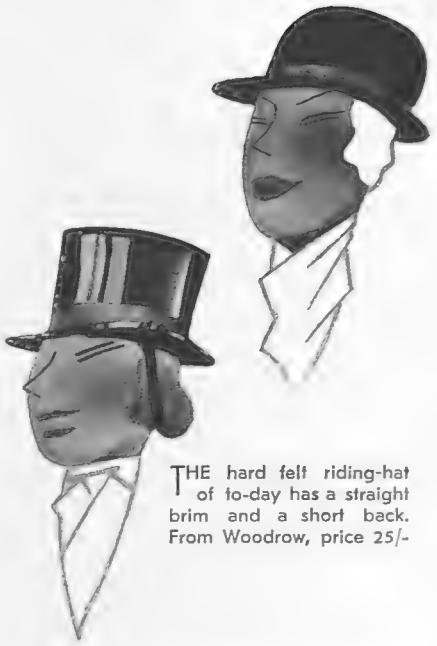
THE fashion for colours is changing also. The favourite navy blue for the whipcord habit for side-saddle takes second place. Black now assumes the first. Formal costume for riding astride—fawn-colour breeches and black coat cut like a man's, show very little change, if any. With bowler, black boots and white hunting tie, the astride habit is seen more and more in the hunting field.

If hacking clothes have changed it is only in the direction of comfort, which does not mean any sacrifice to smartness. One sees little except jodhpurs in the country. The younger generation like their tweed coats to go with jodhpurs cut like a man's lounge coat, straight and short. And this style is suitable for the younger generation only, for nothing is more unbecoming to the older and possibly stouter woman. Some authorities on riding costume are not enamoured of this fashion, but it is one which is being adopted more and more.

FOR hacking in the Row. A well-known horsewoman, famous for her smartness, has expressed to me the view that the costume should allow latitude for individual taste, but not so individual as riders (*riders*, rather than horsewomen) have displayed of late. In general, one may assert that these fashions have undergone no violent change. We still see the woman who rides side-saddle in a whipcord habit, or, perhaps, one of grey or brown tweed, with probably a coloured stock tie, a bowler or felt hat, field boots of black or brown, wash-leather gloves and stick.

These are the last days of the season's cub-hunting. Soon the brown of tweed coats and the colour of ties will be replaced by sterner black and white. Serious sport is about to begin.

Riding fashions may change slightly from time to time, but the spirit of horsemanship never changes. And so we will find that no matter which way the world may be going, no matter how informal and casual modes and manners may become, horsemanship and everything to do with it—fashions not least—will continue to make a firm stand in defence of elegance.



THE hard felt riding-hat of to-day has a straight brim and a short back. From Woodrow, price 25/-

IF you buy a topper from Scott's, at the corner of Bond Street, you can be sure of looking smart

A WARM coat is essential, but it must be smart and well cut. Burberry's have a large selection of such coats which not only look correct, but feel comfortable

YOU cannot argue with the weather, but you can wear a Milwata point-to-point weatherproof, which is guaranteed for two years and has an inverted saddle-flap at the back

Letters of a Lady Golfer

"The Bystander's" Girls' Open Golf Championship: *Chapter II*

By Eleanor E. Helme

From Wales to Stoke Poges: Miss Low, of Aberdovey, and Miss Isabella Rieben, the Welsh lady champion. Miss Rieben was defeated in the second round by Miss Aline de Gunzbourg.

Miss Kathleen Merry, of Templenewsam, playing a good one out of a bunker before the 8th green

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I WANT to take tight hold of myself and try not to use too many superlatives or get too carried away by the excitement of the Girls' Championship or the general atmosphere of admiration which goes on at it. The play was very, very good this year, and I do firmly believe that we saw some future members of International teams there, both British and otherwise. An immense amount of golf at Stoke Poges had figures which would have taken any reigning woman champion all her time to beat, *if it had been produced against her.* It is one thing to play wonderful golf against your own contemporaries, however good; quite another to stand up to someone with a real big name in the real big world of golf. I don't say that these girls at Stoke Poges can't do it; I only hope they all can, and will, but until they can, no number of fine rounds in the Girls' Championship is going to make them first-class golfers, and it is only very unkind to tell them it will, because disillusionment is so sure to follow.

ALL of which is one reason why it is so splendid for the event when the girls who have tried their wings in bigger events go on competing at Stoke, instead of thinking themselves too grand. It keeps the standard up, and, as this year proves, it does not necessarily mean they will win. It was most truly sporting of Miss Isabella Rieben, Welsh champion, with all to lose and nothing to gain, to come and let the younger, less experienced girls have a go at her, and I told you last week how marvellously they succeeded. It was equally courageous of Miss Pauline Doran, already twice Girl Champion, to come again, and she deserves every possible credit for it. You may say that she had the easier part of the draw, and that other of the girls had more convincing swings, but Miss Doran simply must have unstinted praise for coming at all—I only hope she will do the same next year, when she will still be eligible—and for rising with mighty fine pluck to a great emergency in the Final. She has the satisfaction of knowing that she has not only done what no other girl has done—won three times, but that this year the all-round standard was higher than ever before—seventy-five per cent., according to Roberts, the Stoke "pro," whose opinion is certainly well worth hearing.

THURSDAY morning, Miss Lulu Esmond and Miss Pam Barton were first off, and some big hitting there was, a drive and a No. 4 from the 9th from Miss Barton, the 10th practically reached by Miss Esmond, and a very even struggle before Miss Esmond won 3 and 2. Miss Doran fairly fell upon poor Miss Merry (this was her last attempt), and was only two over fours when she had won by 7 and 6; Miss de Gunsbourg did not seem quite able to whip herself up into her form of the day before when she beat Miss Rieben so cruelly, but was too experienced for Miss Joan Easton to hold on beyond the fifteenth, although her putting was first class.

Chief excitement was the Scottish-American tussle, and I can tell you that British hearts were horribly in their mouths, although we'd all lost those impressionable portions of our make-up to Miss Amory and her very excellent swing. You know what I mean; it's delightful to have girls from other countries, we love them all, and only

The Runner-up and

First-rounders talking it over: Miss Mervyn Barton of the Royal Mid-Surrey, and Miss Felicité Patters, whose Club is the North Foreland

Miss Beryle Pockett (Worthing) playing through the green; she was beaten in the second round by Miss J. Anderson

Miss Sue Donahue, of Moor Park, and Miss Peggy Lester of North Foreland, looking as if it was all pretty good fun in spite of first- and second-round defeats

Her Reward

Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, of St. Cloud, who took the winner, Miss Pauline Doran, to the 19th green in the finals, receives the Stoke Court Cup, for the best performance during the Championship, from Mrs. R. O. Porter, who is the Surrey County Golf Captain

Miss L. Beesley and Miss W. Beesley, two sisters who play at Sandy Lodge, were both defeated in the first round

Reflected Glory

The winner, Miss Pauline Doran, of North Surrey, who is now Champion for the third year in succession, photographed with her Cup beside the lily-pond near the Clubhouse at Stoke Poges

want to see more of them, but America has taken so much from us this year, and Miss Anderson was such a beautiful little golfer, keeping her head and standing no nonsense about American menace or anything like that, that it would have been very sad if the match had gone the other way. It looked like it for a long time. Miss Anderson won the first hole with a 4 that was nearly a 3, Miss Amory squared at the 4th, and was one up at the turn, out in 37, holing long putts and so countering the wonderful number of chips which the Scottie put dead. I loved Miss Anderson's chips, the way she took a mashie, and played a perfectly definite little pitch, quiet, smooth, crisp and firm. Then her putting grew shaky, and she was two down and five to go. A fig for superstition, though. She set her teeth, won four holes in a row, and the match 2 and 1, as sudden a turn round as you could see in any championship. No matter how unimpeachably your British sentiments (and you know I always have a weak spot for a Scottie), you could not help feeling sorry for Miss Amory at such a sudden swing round. However, she is coming to Ranelagh, our first American entrant there, and she and Miss de Gunsbourg will make a very useful pair.

In the semi-final I think Miss Anderson was probably tired out, and for nine holes neither she nor Miss de Gunzbourg were specially impressive, except in excellence of swing, which both have in full measure. Then Miss Anderson started back, 3, 3, 4, and was three up. Back came Miss de Gunzbourg, a win in 4, a half in 5, and then 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, which spelt "win at the 19th." Her high dropping-iron second at the 15th, her wooden seconds lashed home at 18th and 19th, were simply magnificent, there is no other word for them. Miss Doran gave herself no such anxieties in the other semi-final; by the time she had played seven holes in two under fours, she was five up on Miss Esmond, and she was level fours by the time she had won 6 and 5.

The final started nervously, especially on the part of the French girl. Her putts would wobble past the hole, and after winning the 3rd, she lost the 6th, and was one down at the turn. The 10th was the deciding hole, I think, for she played it perfectly, but was stymied after putting the approach putt stone dead just past the hole, and so only got a half. She had the match square again at the 11th, with a good putt. after being bunkered, but she was one down at the 15th, with Miss Doran playing confident golf. At the 16th the French girl squared again, playing an extremely clever pitch from between the lake and the bunkers; at the 17th, after a huge drive, she got her iron to within three yards of the hole, and there she was dormy one. That was when Miss Doran rose supremely to the big occasion. She played a grand chip shot to the 18th, and holed the putt; she did exactly the same at the 19th, and so became Girl Champion for the third successive time, having pulled the match out of the fire just when it had seemed snatched from her at the most critical moment. After that, Mrs. Richard Porter gave away the prizes, with a charming little speech, and it was only sad that Miss Peggy Whitfield was not there to take the Craig Cup for the scratch bogey consolation competition, for she had won it with one up, by a very long way the best score ever returned for it. So was Mrs. Rieben's all square in the chaperones' bogey. Stoke Court's lovely challenge cup, for the girl staying at the Court who goes furthest in the Championship, went to Miss de Gunzbourg. And, of course, what Stoke Court gives every competitor—and me, too—is a real good few days. It is a joy to stay in such perfect surroundings, and be made to feel so at home. We thoroughly monopolised everything—perhaps not the swimming-pool, there was hardly time, though the weather was hot enough, but certainly the ball-room. The kindness of everyone, both at the Court and the Club, was tremendous. Mr. Cotton's board of results was a masterpiece, and I know it was largely his help, both behind the scenes and elsewhere, that made everything go so smoothly. Next year, BYSTANDER, you must come and watch. Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

ENGAGED

Yevonte

Miss Margaret Leicester-Warren

Above: Miss Margaret Leicester-Warren is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leicester-Warren of Tabley House, Cheshire, and is engaged to Major Oliver Leese, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, the eldest of Sir William and Lady Leese's three sons

Right: Miss Mary Traherne, the only daughter of the late Commander L. E. Traherne, R.N., and Mrs. Traherne, and a cousin of Sir Archibald Sinclair, has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Hirsch, of the Welch Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch of Green Hurst, Armagh

Right: The Hon. Sylvia Coke, Lord and Lady Coke's elder daughter, and Mr. Simon Combe, second son of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe, announced their engagement in the summer and are to be married in London in October

Compton Collier

Miss Mary Traherne

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Sylvia Coke

Bertram Park

Miss Joyce Lindsay

Bertram Park

Miss Daphne Watson

Above: Miss Daphne Watson and the Hon. John Southwell are to be married to-morrow at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Hay Wrightson

Miss Yvonne Marling

Above: Another September engagement is that of Miss Yvonne Marling, daughter of Sir Charles Marling, G.C.M.G., C.B., and Mr. Gustaf Rennell Rodd, the youngest son of Sir James Rennell Rodd, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., M.P., and Lady Rodd

Extreme left: Engaged to Mr. Martin Lindsay, son of the late Lt.-Col. A. B. Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay, is Miss Joyce Lindsay, daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, and a niece of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres

Books of the Day

Women, Horses and the Hunting-Field: By "Junius"

I CAN imagine a double pæan arising from hunting women after reading "*To Whom the Goddess . . .*": *Hunting and Riding for Women* (Hutchinson; 15*s.*), by Lady Diana Shedden and Lady Apsley—a pæan of praise and admiration from the experienced; a pæan of gratitude from the neophyte. As the Earl of Lonsdale says in his introduction to the book: "There are no two people more qualified to write on such a subject than the authoresses, they having been brought up from childhood amongst everything connected with horses and hunting." Lady Diana Shedden—then Lady Diana Somerset—we know, kept the Beaufort Hunt together during the war.

This is the first book to be entirely devoted to hunting for women. It covers the whole subject with such knowledge and completeness that it cannot fail to become *the* vade mecum for all hunting women.

The authoresses have not been content with practicality. Their first chapter, "Diana Down the Ages," is a brilliant history in little of hunting and women's part therein since the days of the Greeks and Egyptians down to our own time. From this we learn that the first woman M.F.H. was a Countess of Salisbury, who kept a pack of foxhounds at Hatfield from 1775 until 1819, when she was in her seventieth year. Another interesting point is that hunting "pink" came in after the Peninsular War, Wellington's officers having taken English hounds to Spain, which they hunted in between battles, following in their red uniforms.

Each of the succeeding ten chapters is an epitome of knowledge and guidance, such as "Astride or Side-Saddle," "A Novice goes Hunting," "Customs of the Hunting-Field." In "The Ideal Ladies' Hunter," women are advised to choose their hunters for themselves, because "Few men, even the best of horsemen themselves, have the gift of being able to choose a horse that will suit a woman." Then follows a clear description of the points a lady's hunter should possess. Three appendices complete the practicality and usefulness of the book—the first, the cost of a year's hunting for two people; the second, London shops recommended for women's hunting and riding requisites; and the third, a list of books of interest to the young horsewoman.

No detail has been overlooked—not even the tying of a silk fourfold hunting-tie—in this valuable book, which is helpfully illustrated; one of the best that has ever been written on hunting. A book, too, that hunting men will read with advantage, however knowledgeable they may be.

Miss Stella Gibbons

Whose satirical novel, "Cold Comfort Farm," is a most amusing parody of the "earth-earthy" type of novel so beloved of the highbrow who wallows in gloom

Two salient facts emerge from the eight hundred and fifty-eight pages of *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (Heinemann; 21*s.*), edited and with an introduction by Aldous Huxley: one, Lawrence's gift for friendship; the other, the injustice of judging him, either as a man or a writer, by ordinary standards. Vernon Lee probably gave the truest description of Lawrence when she said to Aldous Huxley: "He sees more than a human being ought to see. Perhaps that's why he hates humanity so much."

Never was there a more restless spirit. Between 1913 and his death in 1930, his letters shew perpetual movement—Florence, Switzerland, Germany, Sicily, Cornwall, London, Ceylon, Australia, America, Mexico, New Mexico, and other places. Mr. Huxley explains this restlessness with: "Lawrence's psychological isolation resulted, as we have seen, in seeking physical isolation from the body of mankind," and "His travels were at once a flight and a search: a search for some society with which he could establish contact."

Lawrence's feeling towards mankind is summed up in his own words: "How I *hate* the attitude of ordinary people to life. How I loathe ordinariness. How from my soul I abhor nice, simple people, with their eternal price-list. It makes my blood boil." Perhaps in this loathing lay the secret of the sadness of Lawrence's life—and it was the saddest of lives. Throughout these letters you are conscious of a pervading sense of frustration.

It is curious to reflect that three great novelists—Flaubert, Maupassant and Lawrence—whose work is almost wholly concerned with sex—each was profoundly sad in his innermost life. Was it the revenge of Nature for their deliberate, if brilliant, disregard of the proportions set by Nature?

If you like novels in the manner of the late William Le Queux, I can recommend *Taïa* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by A. t' Serstevens, but you mustn't accept it as historical fact, although the author declares "it is an account of events which actually took place." The heroine, Taïa, is supposed to be the daughter of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Baroness Marie Vetsera. She is brought up in a South Sea island, and returns to Europe to take a prominent part in the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo—a private act of revenge for the death of her parents which set the world ablaze with war.

History, however, does not support the author and, obviously, he does not know the true story of the tragedy at Mayerling. But this makes no difference to an ingeniously-woven story. On one point the author has made a howling mistake. No illegitimate child of the Crown Prince would have been called Princess Eleonore, or accepted as such in Austrian Society if she had so dubbed herself.

Miss Ursula Bloom has taken twenty years of the life of the Keyes family as the subject for *The Cypresses Grow Dark* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and has made them into an engrossing story. Captain Keyes rules his family—Shirley, Burke, Jonathan, and Shane—with a rod of iron. Their home in the country shadowed and shaped their lives. Ten years later, when the house had to be sold because of debts and taxation, the family migrates to a villa in a London suburb. Here, again, their dwelling has influence upon their characters. In 1930 they are in a service flat, which also influences them, but in a different way.

As you will see, a cleverly conceived book. It has many subtle touches of characterisation, and is a faithful picture of the mental and social changes of the last twenty years.

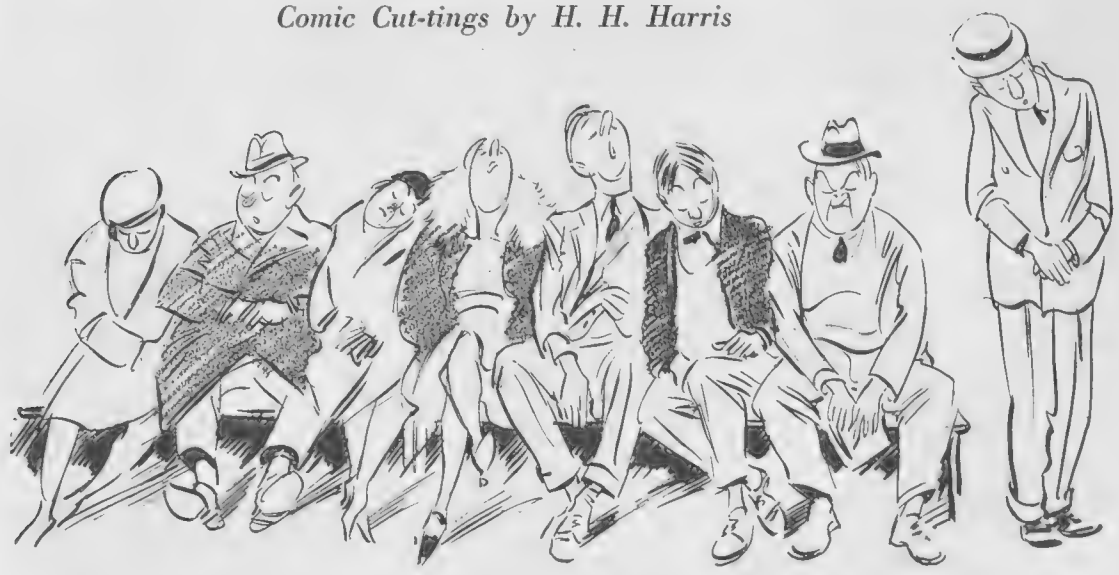
The brilliant promise of Miss Doris Westwood's first novel, *Starr Bladon*, is fulfilled in *The Hair Shirt* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a novel of poignant and moving interest. Stephen Courtney, wholly misunderstood by his family, and with his super-sensitiveness clinging to him all his life like a hair shirt, in less masterly hands might easily have appeared as a prig. But Miss Westwood has the gift of making her readers see through the eyes of her characters, and you not only understand Stephen, but also his friends and family, and their reactions to him. The final chapter is of rare and touching beauty.

Collaborators at Large:

All Among the Roses

By Gerard Fairlie

Comic Cut-tings by H. H. Harris



Scene on the balcony of Horticultural Hall. Lovers of the rose overcome by the perfume of same—perhaps!

Two thorns got loose among the roses at the National Rose Society's autumn show, which took place the other day at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, which is in Greycoat Street, Westminster. These two thorns were Harris and myself.

We went in normally by the front door and ascended the steps to the Hall proper. Without misbehaving ourselves in the least, it remains a fact that outraged rose lovers very nearly ejected us abnormally through the back door—with more and harder steps—almost immediately afterwards. This is how it happened.

We found ourselves staring wide-eyed and wide-mouthed at what must have been millions of roses of every colour and every size. It was, frankly, a riotous sight: to anyone who appreciates colour and enjoys scent there could scarcely be a more staggering and pleasing spectacle than this Hall on a rose day. With one accord Harris and I advanced on to the nearest roses.

Now we did not fall into the first and obvious pitfall. We did not each pick a rose and strut delightedly with the bloom in our buttonholes. We withstood that terrific temptation. But Harris bent down and smelt one of the roses, and practically went gay: I mean, he breathed delightedly and said: "Oh, how too, too sweet!" And I bent down and smelt one of the roses, and felt all funny, because it reminded me of . . . and went practically gay too, and said: "That one really ought to have a prize."

That was the first moment that I saw the people around looking at us as best they could, in spite of all appearing to suffer from some unpleasant aroma just below their nostrils.

Then I placed a forefinger and thumb caressingly round a stem, and a petal fell off. They began to close in round us. I began to get nervous. I shook a little. More petals came off. I let go with a great effort.

But Harris had not noticed the general tendency to crowd in on us in a threatening manner. He wanted to see a rose near too. His first selection made him jump as a well-directed thorn embedded itself in his flesh, but his second proved more fruitful. "Oh," said Harris, "look! is this a green-fly?"

It wasn't a green-fly. But the mere mention of the dreaded word sent the crowd pale and the attendant scuttling for a spray pump.

The crowd did not stay pale long, but it was just long enough for me to get Harris into a neutral corner with the Horticultural Implements and Sundries. Here I picked up a gooseberry pruning-knife, with hook, length eighteen inches, in a too careless manner, and waited for the direct attack to begin. Well, it didn't begin, and also, the owner of the pruning knife rather wanted to sell it to me, so, the coast being clear, Harris and I moved on.

But we were in a definite quandary, and, if only for our personal safety, we felt that we simply had to find the answer. We had both behaved quite naturally in the first rush of roses to the eyes and nose, and yet we had succeeded in no uncertain manner in thoroughly irritating quite a quantity of torrid supporters of the National Rose Society.

Why?

It is extremely doubtful if we would ever have solved our most difficult quandary had it not been for my new suit. Now my new suit is a delightful brown, picked out by a peppery suggestion all over it, and closely resembling any ordinary lightish-brown material. Well, it happens that Mr. Samuel McGredy also has a suit of a delightful brown, picked out by a peppery suggestion all over it, and closely resembling any ordinary lightish-brown material. And I had come to anchor in front of Mr. McGredy's very remarkable exhibit at about the same moment as another gentleman did. This other gentleman also had an identical suit.

Strenuous exhibitor keeping plant healthy before sending to the Show. Another rose expert prepared for an attack of green-fly

Selecting roses for the next year's display is no easy job

Standing between us, this was too much for Mr. Samuel McGredy. He pointed it out. Instead of each claiming to have bought the model, we all three had a good laugh. And Mr. McGredy seemingly being a kindly, cheerful man, Harris and I got going with our questions.

INTRODUCING Mr. Samuel McGredy: He is the third generation of Samuel McGredy and Son of Portadown. He makes a practice of winning prizes for his roses all over the country. He wears a lightish-brown suit.

Our errors when first we had entered the Hall were pointed out to us by Mr. McGredy. In the first place, and no roses to the contrary, the allocation of prizes at these shows has nothing whatever to do with the scent of the rose. I mean, to a judge, the scent simply isn't there. It is, but it doesn't count. A rose can smell like a skunk, and still win all the prizes. So that was our error number one.

Secondly, what does most emphatically count, more than anything, in fact, is the cleanliness of the rose *and* the foliage. The roses and the leaves should look as if they had both only just left a dry-cleaner's after a visit to a Turkish bath. Any suggestion of green-fly or disease of any sort to be found anywhere means an enormous black mark in the eyes of the judge. Harris's error number two.

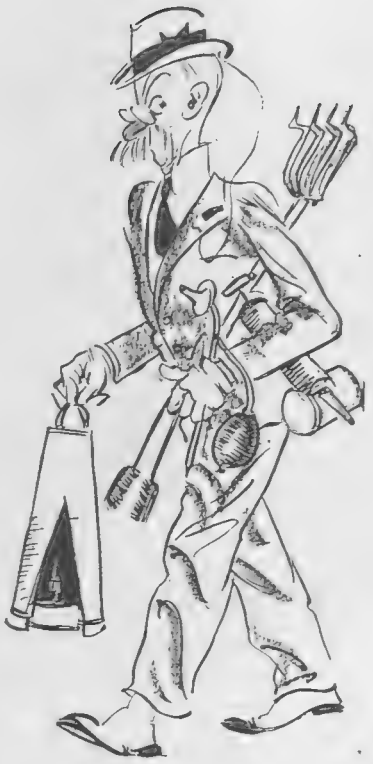
Thirdly, quality matters very nearly as much. The cutting of the roses must be so timed that the blooms are in perfect condition for the time of judging. No petals falling off, for instance. My error number two.

And, fourthly, the colour counts tremendously. I mean, if Harris and I had just walked in, sniffed cynically (I now understood why all those others had that appearance of disliking what their noses were telling them about), flicked a leaf or two, and said: "But, ah! what a depth of colour!" they would have cheered instead of chased. It would have been an entry 'midst popular acclamation instead of darned nearly a riot.

Well, after Mr. McGredy had finished telling us all about all this, we discovered that he knew what he was talking about all right. His firm easily won the first prize in the premier class for nurserymen, which called for groups with a frontage of twenty-five feet. As well as that, his new rose, aptly named "McGredy's Triumph," carried off a gold medal. But these two successes are not in themselves so impressive as the fact that most of the roses and groups which carried off the other prizes were made up of roses originated by the firm of Samuel McGredy and Son. Harris and I thanked Mr. McGredy, and moved off, confident now that we would commit no more enormities. We even caught a bit of the tilt of the nose. We looked round and saw roses, roses everywhere, but not a rose to smell.

WE saw a lot of dining-tables. At least, we saw a lot of tables with table-cloths on them, and roses arranged all over them as table decorations. All over them is right: if you and I were sitting down and dining at almost any of those tables we would start with caviare and petals, go on to fish à la rose, and just plain rose as the principal item. You wouldn't be able to get away from roses, and you would only be able to see your immediate neighbour.

The Expert—and a very good judge too



Fond rose-grower going home from the Show resolved to be a better gardener

This was the open section (amateurs) for ladies, and the first prize for a dinner-table decoration was won by Mrs. Courtney Page. It was a pretty design in yellow roses which achieved this excellent result for Mrs. Page.

Well, Harris and I left, duly impressed and almost blinded by the colour. We caught our car at the corner, and Harris remarked rather thoughtfully: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The old lady next to him moved up four, and I hurried to another appointment.

Country cousin mistakes table display for the restaurant and surprises officials

Left: Mr. G. M. Dobson's liver-and-white pointers, Bryn Mor Spring, Gellert, and Newsboy, in the Open Stakes

Fresco Flaunt, Mrs. Foster Mitchell's blue Belton setter, which took the second prize in the Novices' Stakes

Waiting Their Turn: Entries for the Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter Society's Working Trials at Tiverton

October Shooting Notes

By "Clodhopper"

ACCORDING to time-honoured tradition and the game laws, pheasant shooting opens on Saturday next. But October is essentially a partridge-driving month, and organised covert-shooting cannot take place until such time in November as the woodlands are sufficiently bare of leaf to render beating practicable. Still, there is a certain charm in hedgerow-pheasant "potting" on a crisp October morning, particularly to a lover of Nature. At this season of the year the countryside is passing beautiful, and the rich and varied tints of the forest-trees and undergrowth, brake and bracken, appeal to the artistic temperament inherent in every sportsman-naturalist.

WHEN pottering round the "outsides" one can never tell what the dogs working ahead will push up from the dense hedge-bottoms and the slips of spinney and plantation that often obtain on the fringe of a shoot. The "unexpected" may take the form of a hedgerow cock pheasant or a strayer from the neighbouring coverts. In either case, the bird should be pulled down for the larder. An overplus of wild-bred cocks is most undesirable for next season's breeding stock, and even one incorrigible hand-reared wanderer will often lead a number of his own kith and kin astray. A skulking old "Frenchman" may, perchance, blunder out of the rough herbage which flourishes in rank profusion between the growers of the double fences and under the quicksets. A brace or two of partridges, a couple of rabbits, and—if he cares to pull at it—a hare may also find a way into the October pheasant-shooter's bag. And more than once, while beating the boundaries, have I viewed a fine old outlying dog fox steal away from his temporary sleeping quarters on the top of a grassy bank or some other well-sheltered coign of vantage, from which he was able to watch all that went on around him without being seen.

THE lessee of a biggish shoot in the East Midlands tells me that a considerable number of his pheasants have wandered on to the adjacent manor, which, by the way, is rented by a syndicate of business men, who do not hand-rear a single head of game themselves. A similar tale of woe was told by the same sportsman last season, I remember, and I suggested to him that the source of the trouble might be traced to one, or perhaps to the combined influence of the following factors: (1) Slack and inefficient keepering; (2) cheese-paring methods of covert-feeding and insufficient grit of the right kind; (3) a decreasing supply of shed corn, and other natural food, on the stubbles lying within his boundaries; (4) cubbing operations; and (5) (possibly) a sneaking regard for stray longtails by the beforementioned shooting syndicate.

I HAVE reason to believe that Mr. Z is by no means loyally served by his head keeper, and the best thing to do with a slacker of any kind is to discharge him at the earliest convenient moment. In these bad times of reduced keepering staffs and curtailed game-rearing there is, unhappily, no dearth of efficient and reliable keepers seeking for jobs who would do their best to provide sport for their employers and endeavour by every means to keep the head of game under their care on the right side of the boundaries.

IN regard to the question of poor covert-feeding, it is the quintessence of false economy in pheasant rearing to cut down rations just as the shed corn on the stubbles is getting scarce. Nor (with the exception of blackberries, of which there is a bumper crop) are the wild fruits of the hedgerows and woods by any means abundant in many parts of the country this autumn. There is nothing to touch bounteous covert-feeding to prevent pheasants from straying or to build up strong and high-flying birds for November shooting. Where ploughing follows soon after the carrying of the harvest, Ill-fed pheasants only too often resort to corn-lands lying far afield from their natal coverts, never to return. Even where stubbles are left unbroken by the plough, it is quite usual, nowadays, to see much of the ground covered with poultry belonging, most likely, to one of the chicken farms which of late years have sprung up, like mushrooms after rain, in most game districts. Wood-pigeons, immense flocks of sparrows, and other grain-eating birds and beasts of the field assist the barn-door fowls in cleaning up the feeding-grounds of game. An intelligent and observant keeper will, therefore—with his employer's sanction, of course—prevent unnecessary straying amongst his pheasants by means of unstinted feeding throughout October. And a little later on, when natural provender will be more difficult to procure, he will begin judiciously to feed his partridges also.

CUBBING is now in full swing and, although a very keen foxhunter myself, I do not, like some of my friends, pretend to believe that foxes and pheasants live together in the slightest degree of amity or that early-morning "dusting" of a litter of cubs in a covert is not conducive to a certain amount of panic and scattering among the longtails. But there should be a close affinity between hunting and shooting men, especially in these Socialistic days. The chances are that your local M.F.H., and many of his subscribers, both hunt and shoot, and will therefore appreciate the difficulties which face covert-owners and their keepers during the cubbing season. Anyhow, it will be to the mutual advantage of the Hunt and yourself if every earth in your coverts is efficiently "stopped out," and all spring-traps taken up before hounds visit them. When hounds have finally moved off your land, see that your birds are immediately driven in and liberally fed. Pheasants, when frightened by the working and cry of hounds in covert, sometimes fly a considerable distance. The boundary fences should, consequently, be brushed through and no likely patch of holding-cover left untried. Many a stray may be located and driven back to covert by carefully watching and listening on the "outsides" before roosting-time.

THE poaching brotherhood is now particularly busy netting and snaring, for there is a good market for stolen game (particularly hares and rabbits) between September and Christmas. Every responsible keeper will, weeks ago, have bushed his fields against drag-netting for partridges, and checkmated the long-net merchants by laying down hedge-cuttings or thorns on ground in the vicinity of warrens and coverts, where the net is likely to be set up for the capture of rabbits. The very prevalent and deadly method of hare-poaching by means of gate-nets can be guarded against by adding close-fitting extra bottom bars to your gates, or by nailing short uprights to the lower bars, thus preventing a hare bolting either through or under the gate. Well worked runs through fences, and especially those surrounding small isolated copses, should be closely watched for wire snares, and all runs in hedgerows bordering on highways and public footpaths destroyed. Little bits of covert often yield a brace or so of hares to night-poachers, who, having covered the outside of each run with a loosely-hung purse-net, proceed to beat the undergrowth and drive the game into the nets. Having already trespassed beyond the limits of my space, I can say but little anent the methods of that intolerable pest to game preservers and keepers, the motor-poacher. These rascals do considerable execution among coveys of the partridges and pheasants by sitting near the roads during early morning, when the birds first come down to feed on the stubbles, and by "browning" the coveys and mopping up sitting pheasants and hares over the tops of the hedges, while quietly motoring along a safe and convenient highway. Should danger, in the shape of a man in blue or velveteen, loom in sight, it is a case of step on the gas and the quickest way home. Unfortunately, these sneak-thieves of honest men's game are greatly on the increase, and they thieve so stealthily and quickly, that they are seldom caught.

Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes at Oxhey

The Counties of Bucks, Herts, Cambridge, Middlesex, Bedford and Essex in Competition

Dr. Mungo Park and Miss Small (Grims Dyke) on their way out to the 17th

Above: R. T. Simmons and Miss Funnell (North Middlesex) watching an opponent drive, evidently a long one

Above, Right: E. H. Chambers and Mrs. E. Y. Chamberlin (Beaconsfield)

Right: Miss Jean Forsyth and Major P. C. Burton (Porter's Park), a semi-finalist couple, talking at the 1st tee

Dr. G. K. Cooper and Mrs. Russell-Smith, representatives of the home club, were the winners of the competition

P. Rodger and Miss W. Parnell (Pinner Hill) and Mrs. W. Boulton and F. H. Hayward (Moor Park)

Miss Lett and C. H. Anderson (Northwood) waiting their turn

Photographs by Bertram Eary

Another competing couple were Miss Gwyn Flint and Mr. W. West (West Herts)

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THIS is a wonderful time of year—a little sad, perhaps, for the sentimentalist, but full of delight for the man who takes his pleasure in the open air. Walking up partridges on a September afternoon—what could be better than that? And next Saturday pheasant shooting begins; hunting will soon be in full swing; the sea-trout are running up the rivers; the first frosts have killed the weeds, and the coarse fisherman begins his sport in earnest. Rugby football has settled into its stride—there is a list which makes the artificial pirouettings of organised games seem dull indeed.

Circle: W. Bowes, the Yorkshire bowler, only had three days after his inclusion in the English side to get ready to go to Australia; but he got ready, and off he went

Down He Goes!

A Blackheath man being laid low by two of the Rosslyn Park side in their recent match at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, when the home team won their first event

I HAVE no desire at all to spend my time at Highbury or Chelsea, and I 'm afraid that even the news that Tate cannot go to Australia does not move me much. Naturally, we all sympathise with Tate, for he is an ingenuous, likeable fellow, and a lion-hearted bowler, but somehow the troubles of the M.C.C. team are rather remote just now. And I 'm a little tired of hearing that Freddy Brown can throw a decent quoit, and that Duckworth is by way of becoming a literary critic, though the amount of money editors waste in filling their papers with trivialities never ceases to amaze me. As for Tate's breakdown, the wonder is he has not collapsed long before this, for the truth of the matter is that he and most of his professional friends play far too much cricket. I gather that it is only a matter of time before he will be perfectly fit again, and in the meanwhile we can forget cricket until the end of November, when we shall have news—good news, I hope—of the first Test Match.

WITH cricket in the doldrums for the moment, perhaps I should become excited about boxing, but here again I must confess to a certain apathy. I cannot work up a great deal of interest in to-morrow's fight at the Albert Hall between Larry Gains and Salvatore Ruggirello, though Ruggirello is said to have improved considerably during his tour in America. He was a third-rater when he last appeared in England, but now they say he can punch, and there is the off-chance that he may shake up the cunning Gains. And, talking about punching, I wonder why it is that Donald McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight, never lets loose with his right hand? He always seems to be on the point of crashing over a murderous right, but somehow he holds it back, and prefers to fox his opponents. He can hit mighty hard, as some of his sparring partners will agree, and if only he would lose his temper, as he did once in Johannesburg, when he knocked three large South African troopers stone cold in a street fight, he might go a long way. I didn't see that

A Double

J. Maclean (Hayston), the Scottish Amateur Championship at Dollymount, Dublin. On the

The field all together just after the start of the first race at the Windsor September Meeting, the Queen Anne's Handicap. The race was won by Red Queen, owned and trained by Mr. Sneyd, and ridden by E. Smith. Padishah and Ballet Dancer ran into second and third places

Johannesburg scrap, but I know a man who did, and after his description I shall take care not to quarrel with McCorkindale myself.

We could do with a little liveliness among our heavyweights, and possibly Jack Petersen and Young Doyle will supply it in due course, though before they jump into the limelight, King Levinsky, the American Jew, may put the cat among the pigeons. Levinsky is probably coming over to England, and he is reputed to be a killer of the Dempsey type, though the job will be to find victims for him in Europe. Incidentally, before these notes appear, Jackie Brown of Manchester may have fixed up a match with Young Perez for the world's fly-weight championship, and as Perez was beaten the other day by Mickey McGuire, it is on the cards that a world's title will return to England at last.

hampion

olf Champion, won the Irish Amateur Open Golf ght is J. C. Brown (Waterford), the runner-up

But Boxing, taking it by and large, is a dreary game in this country, and even the real boxing fan would admit, I think, that in the course of a year he sees mighty few satisfactory fights. I pass, therefore, with some relief to tennis and the net-cord dispute, which is now being thrashed out by the Advisory Committee of the International Federation. The Committee have sent round a circular in which they ask whether we wish to abolish the net-cord shot or to adhere to the present practice. Personally, without posing as an expert, I should vote against a rule which would give a "let" on all occasions when a net-cord shot occurs. Certainly the net-corder is sometimes exasperating, but on the whole the luck evens out, whereas the proposed new rule would lead to further delays in an already unnecessarily protracted game.

And now, before I conclude, may I note the appearance of three books peculiarly suited for reading by the fireside these autumn evenings? First there is Mr. Eric Parker's anthology of sporting prose and verse in the Lonsdale library—a delightful collection, full of good things—and then comes a new edition of Mr. Parker's own *Shooting Days*. This is a classic; there are many who will agree with Mr. Parker that "the pleasure of a day's shooting has little to do with the size of the bag, but much with the sights and sounds of wild life in open country—grouse calling, curlews, the tide on the saltings," and this book will recall to them endless happy memories.

Finally, the industrious and gifted

"Madam, Will You Walk?"

And they both walked so fast that they dead-heated in the mile walk in the Women's Inter-County Championships: Miss Connie Mason is No. 51 and Miss V. Horwood is No. 52; they are both Middlesex representatives

Mr. Patrick Chalmers gives us in *At the Tail of the Weir* a most enjoyable volume about fishing in the Thames. He has wonderful stories to tell of monster trout and fearsome barbel, though his knowledge of roach-fishing is meagre, and he deals unworthily with the art. Still, with that single exception, his book is first-rate, and he makes out a strong case for the Thames as the finest all-round fishing river in the world. I may add that none of these books was sent me for review, and I mention them simply that others may share the enjoyment they have given me.

British Aeroplanes for Private Transport: By Capt. C. E. Ward

The club building at Hatfield, headquarters of the de Havilland School, and an open house for all pilots passing that way. The aerodrome, forty minutes from Piccadilly by road, is the finest site north of London, and has the advantage of being very free from fog during the winter months

A wedding reception at Heston after the marriage of Captain E. H. Tattersall and Miss Peg Jevons. The group includes Captain Buckmaster, of Bucks Club, Captain E. H. Tattersall, Mrs. Claude Beddington, on the extreme right, the bride in the background, and Captain Ledlie, the pilot, seated. The machine is a Junker lent by Personal Flying Services

The Prince Flies to Scandinavia

"ATALANTA," the latest machine of Imperial Airways fleet, which was to have been used last week by the Prince of Wales for his visit to the Danish capital, is the first of a series to be delivered by the Armstrong Whitworth firm for service on the African air route. By the spring of next year, Cairo to Cape Town will be operated entirely by land machines of this class, so that the standard of comfort for passengers will be even higher than on the other services owing to the incorporation of improvements based on experience with older types. Only nine passengers will be carried in a large cabin, each person having plenty of leg-room. The high monoplane wing allows an uninterrupted view from the windows and means also that the engines can be mounted well away from the cabin to minimise vibration. As the "Atalanta" could not be made ready in time, the 6-hour flight to Copenhagen with the Prince and his staff was carried out in "Heracles," one of the Handley-Page 42-seaters used on the Paris run. The pilot on this occasion was Captain "Jimmy" Youell, who has been with Imperial Airways since the company was formed eight years ago. The Prince of Wales made his first flight in an Imperial air-liner in 1926, since when he has crossed the Channel quite half-a-dozen times in an "Argosy," and recently used one of the "Kent" class flying-boats to travel from Venice to Corfu. Prince George has arranged to fly to Sweden on Friday next to join his brother on a visit to King Gustav, and both the Princes intend to return to England by air on October 12.

The Light Aeroplane Market

AT the end of September, when the season for races, rallies and at-homes is ending, it seems opportune to review briefly the position of the light 'plane market, for quite a number of machines come up for sale second-hand, and many people who have not taken the plunge as private owners are thinking of doing so next year. The Moth family still holds pride of place in popular favour, the open two-seater and the Puss Moth cabin being available for the fresh air at all costs, and the comfort-loving sections of flying society respectively. There is also the Tiger Moth for those who fancy themselves aerobatically, and the Fox for others who may have to earn their living by plying for hire or reward. Firms such as Brian Lewis, Limited, which deal in used machines as well as new ones, tell me that the price of Moths keeps up remarkably well, a considerable tribute to their lasting qualities and the service which the parent company and its agents provide all over the world. The Avian, built by Messrs. A. V. Roe and marketed in this country by Henlys, at Heston, is an open two-seater which can be had with a variety of engines, radial, such as the Genet, or four in line, like the Cirrus, the Hermes or the Gipsy. In the hands of pilots such as Hinkler and Kingsford Smith, the Avian has proved a worthy relation of the old Avro 504.K., on which so many of the war-time pilots learnt to fly, and some hundreds of its class are in daily use over here and abroad. The Spartan is a post-war product, in so far as ancestry is concerned, but it has set the standard for open three-seaters, the extra place being a most useful asset to clubs wanting additional revenue from "joy-riding" with a machine that can be used also for instruction in the normal way.

For the Optimist and the Pessimist

AEROPLANES with seats side by side are primarily for those who regard flying as an aid to other pleasantries not unconnected with a long week-end at the seaside or on the French coast, and I could mention a few names to support my contention, except that it seems rather like spoiling their sport. However, the Bluebird, built by Blackburns at Brough and sold by Auto Auctions, has other uses in that it is an excellent training machine, because the instructor can watch and correct his pupil most readily, and it lends itself to adaptation as a seaplane. Not that the other light 'planes are less successful on the water, but the Bluebird, demonstrated as a seaplane by the Master of Sempill a year or so ago, proved equally at home on the Welsh Harp, the Thames, Dutch canals, Scottish lochs, German lakes, and the more sheltered harbours around our coast. There is only one machine for the man or woman who neither desires nor expects to be accompanied aloft, and that is the single-seater Comper Swift. With a Pobjoy engine, it had a good enough performance, enabling Butler to reach Australia in record time, and someone else, whose name I have forgotten, to cross the Andes at 18,000 feet; but with the Gipsy engine giving full speed at more than 150 miles an hour, it is the sportsman's mount par excellence.

The Rolls-Royce of the Air

THE types I have mentioned are the leaders in the market, but there are others worthy of notice according to purse or inclination. The Monospar, guaranteed to maintain height on one engine with full load, is in the luxury class at present, its cost being anything up to £1500, according to fittings. Somehow we regard private ownership as restricted to the possession of a light aeroplane, with a few millionairal exceptions, and the true Rolls-Royce of the air, selling at £3,000, has yet to be designed and sold. Several types can be bought at this figure, but they are multi-purpose aircraft, modified to suit individual taste, and not to be compared in the matter of comfort with the synonym for luxury on the road.

Model by Asprey

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Walker Cup Echoes

At Knole Park Golf Club, when the Competition for the Kent Cob was played: D. H. R. Martin, A. W. Martin, the Hon. Secretary of the Club, and A. Wakefield Pim, who plays at Worplesdon

The Kent Cob and a little Kent Cob: The trophy and replica for the Knole Park Tournament, won this year by J. Pennink. Further pictures of this event next week

It is now a fortnight ago since you read in The Bystander that I thought Cyril Tolley would prove to be the most dangerous of the British challengers for the American Amateur Championship.

I have always known that to prophesy was to be temporarily loopy, but never have I had this truth brought home to me with such a painful crack. Cyril Tolley, it is true, flattered in the first round of the qualifying competition—only to deceive; and he was numbered, with all except one of the other British challengers, amongst those who fell by the wayside and had no further interest in the competition proper. He did, however, show by his first qualifying round that he has lost but little of his skill, if any of it, and that his omission from the Walker Cup side was a grave mistake. One of the Walker Cup players, in a letter which he wrote from America about a week before the match was to be played, stated that he thought Cyril Tolley would be called in to help our side. So it is clear that this conviction of mine is not merely my own alone, but also occurred to those on the spot. Later on we will, no doubt, find out why the idea did not materialise any further.

There is another point which I feel it my duty to make, and that is a complaint. A contributor to a certain well-known newspaper devoted a paragraph to stating the cost of transporting Jack Bookless to America, and he remarked that, since the money had been paid, he thought it was almost unfair on the part of Bookless to have decided not to remain over and take his chance in the American Amateur Championship. Now this is the most preposterous and misinformed statement that I have ever seen printed, and it surprised me that a person who has reached the stage of being an accepted contributor to a good-class paper should allow himself to write upon something of which he obviously knows nothing.

Bookless, according to Torrance, who captained the side, was not playing good enough golf to be included amongst those who represented us in the match. On the other hand, he was selected by the Selection Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to make up one of the party of ten. He went out to America, and there can be no question about it that he did his best. His responsibility ceased the moment the match was over, and so did the financial responsibility of St. Andrews for his keep, bar his passage home. Had he remained over he would have had to pay his own expenses. This is the established procedure for this match, and there may have been countless reasons—business and otherwise—why Bookless could not remain in America to compete in the Championship. A man should not be open to such groundless and mannerless attacks, although Jack Bookless can well afford to ignore them.

Only one member of our Walker Cup side succeeded in qualifying for the match-play stages of the Championship, and this was Eric McRuvie. Unfortunately, his putting, so we are informed by messages which have been received from the other side, deserted him when he played his first-round match, and he was eliminated at this stage. However, McRuvie can at least look back upon the fact that he did better than any other of the Walker Cup players of this year.

But now comes the strange thing about this year's American Amateur Championship. It was won by a British subject! To us this result comes as a great surprise, for C. Ross Somerville, of London, Ontario, although known to be a good golfer, was not known to be as good a golfer as all that. In the final round Somerville beat J. Goodman, of the Omaha Field Club, in Nebraska, by two holes up with one to play in the thirty-six holes final. Somerville is also the present Amateur Champion of Canada.

This victory is interesting from several points of view. In the first place, people on this side of the Atlantic have not hitherto thought a very great deal of Canada's golf, merely because no Canadian has, up to the present moment, figured prominently in golf outside his own country. Somerville has not won the Canadian Amateur Championship so often before this year that one can fairly name him as being pre-eminent in his own country. It may be that his game has improved greatly in the past few months, for this victory in the American Amateur Championship is undoubtedly the best thing that he has ever achieved. But he has done more than accomplish very great personal success: he has directed the attention of the world to the golf of Canada, and he has made it very clear that Canada is capable of producing as good an amateur golfer as any on this side and any in America. He is the first Canadian ever to have won the American Amateur Championship, and is, in fact, the first "foreigner" to win this event since H. H. Hilton, who entered from the Royal Liverpool Club, won it as long ago as 1911. And, curiously enough, within a few days of his success, Mr. George S. Lyon, playing for the Canadian Seniors in the Senior International Match, completed the course over which the match took place in seventy-four strokes. Seventy-four is always a good score on any eighteen-hole golf-course, but it is much more than a good score when the man who achieves it is seventy-four years old himself. Mr. Lyon first won the Canadian Amateur Championship in 1898, and proceeded to win it seven times afterwards, his last victory being in 1914. Here is a record of which any man might be proud.

Somerville's success in the American Amateur Championship raises an interesting point, and that is whether the British Walker Cup side must be confined to Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, or whether Great Britain is entitled to include representatives of its Dominions in this team. After all, Somerville is as much a British subject as is Tony Torrance, and every bit as much a British subject as is John Burke, the Irishman. I do not think that there is anything in the conditions which govern the Walker Cup Match to prevent Great Britain playing any British subject, be he dark skinned from South Africa or India or Ceylon, or be he a native-born son of Australia or Canada. There can be no doubt at all that C. Ross Somerville would have been of tremendous assistance to our side.

Finally, a word of sympathy to Francis Ouimet. Englishmen wanted to see Francis Ouimet beaten, but only by a British subject!

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A Motor-Car as a Film Star

A Morris "Talking" Point: Enter the New Models for 1933

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Morris Ten Special Coupé

This new model, fitted with a Pytchley sliding roof and a spacious container at the rear, claims to combine efficiency with economy. Costing only £195, it can attain a speed of 60 m.p.h., with a petrol consumption of 35 miles to the gallon. In addition to these advantages, it can be run under the £10 tax

No one, I think, could nowadays accuse the leaders of our motoring industry of being "behind the times," or of relying upon out-of-date methods for marketing their products. I naturally receive every year a considerable amount of literature just prior to the Motor Show, mostly dealing with the new models to be exhibited, and this year, in particular, I notice that facts and figures are presented in an exceptionally attractive manner.

The record, however, for making publicity material both attractive and interesting, must surely be held by Morris Motors, Ltd., who have produced a full-length "talkie" film, showing every stage in the building and testing of the Morris car. Those who have seen it will agree that this does real credit to the ingenuity of its creator, Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, for it is not every business Sales Manager who could turn his attention with such notable success to the problems of sound-film production. The Morris staff camera-man was responsible for the photography, and the mysteries of motion-picture making were learned and mastered by actual experiment.

In many respects, of course, a motor-car is very suitable for screen presentation. Its raison d'être, is its capacity for movement, and therefore a moving-picture of a motor-car must always be a better and a truer picture than the conventional "still." To see a car actually going through its tests will always be more impressive and convincing to the man in the street than merely to read or hear that tests of some sort have been made.

In no branch of human endeavour is the old tag that "seeing is believing" more true than in the difficult and delicate art of salesmanship. Similarly, the best way to convince anyone of the care and skill with which Morris cars are made and tested is to take him over the great factory at Cowley, or over the actual ground where the tests are made, and this is precisely what the film can do.

At Cowley, naturally enough, the film producer is not hampered by any lack of material. It is more likely that he suffers from a plethora, and that his chief problem is not what he may include, but what he can possibly leave out. This will be readily appreciated when I add that no less than twenty-six models are listed in the 1933 Morris programme.

Twenty-six models! The ordinary motorist, I dare say, will wonder how on earth a single firm can usefully produce cars of so many varieties. The fact is that although all Morris cars are very reasonably priced—the most expensive being listed at £350—they cover a very wide range in size and horse-power. Has anyone, by the way, noticed how consistent are the graduations between the smallest and the largest Morris? First comes the 8-h.p. engine, then the 10, the 12, the 14, the 16, and, finally, the 18-h.p.

The Morris Minor, moreover, is built with two alternative lengths of wheelbase, and with a three- or four-speed gear-box, and there are several models available for either the long or short chassis. An interesting feature, to me, is that the styles of coachwork provided for the various chassis are by no means similar in every case. On some chassis, saloons and coupés are offered; on others, two-seaters and touring cars are also listed. Evidently the Morris experts have made a careful analysis of the coachwork most in demand to accompany the different chassis, and have provided accordingly.

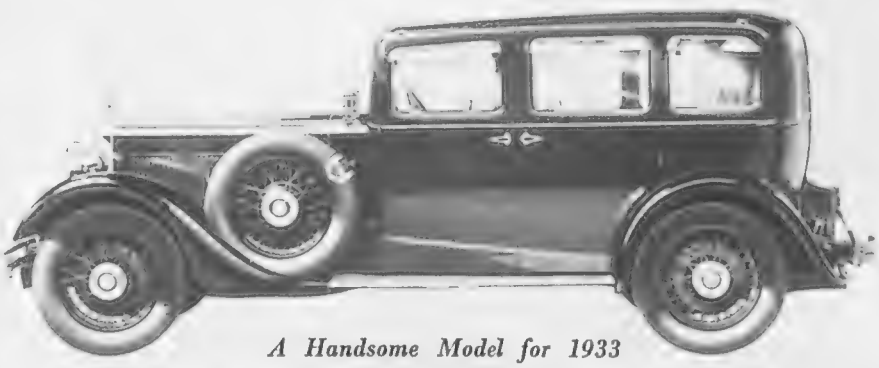
New Traffic Signals

In all the photographs on this page the flashing traffic signals, carried on the scuttle and operated by a switch on the dash, can be seen. The red, orange and green flashes indicate the driver's movements. Most Morris models for 1933 will be fitted with these signals

A remarkable feature, incidentally, of all the new Morris cars is their distinctive and handsome appearance. The familiar Morris radiator is now so well known that it is perhaps a little difficult for anyone to look on these cars, so to speak, with new eyes. I believe, however, that, if I had been away from England for three or four years, I should look on the 1933 models with amazement, finding it difficult to reconcile the luxurious appearance of these cars with their exceedingly moderate prices.

I should be still more astonished, I think, by the specifications. All of these cars are fitted throughout with Triplex glass, and such items as hydraulic brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers, wire wheels, automatic radiator shutters, sliding roofs, winding windows, and leather upholstery—all formerly associated with cars of the "luxury," or, at least, moderately expensive, type, are supplied almost as a matter of course.

Thus, while the film, which is being released for display all over the country, is very well worth seeing, no keen student of motoring progress should omit to examine the wide range of 1933 models which have provided the inspiration for, and the material of, this highly original production.



A Handsome Model for 1933

The crankshaft of this new Morris "Isis Six" Saloon model is fitted with a torsion damper objectively to improve still further the smoothness of the 17.7-h.p. overhead camshaft engine. The latest flashing traffic signals can be noticed on the scuttle

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The Point of a Pedigree: By Lady Kitty Ritson

Not long ago I was shown a pedigree of a puppy for which the owner had paid a good price. She asked me to look at it, and I soon found it was quite incorrect. I advised her to send it back to the person from whom she had bought the puppy, with my corrections. Needless to say, another was returned, in this case correct, and she was told that the first one had been written out by a kennel-maid—a very lame excuse, as it was signed by the owner of the kennels. I advised my friend to take the matter to the Kennel Club, but she was too lazy to do so, and she let the matter drop, which was a pity.

But the point of this story is, that it is not always safe to depend upon the genuineness of a pedigree, unless you are an expert, and if you want the puppy with a view to future breeding you will do well to mention the fact to the vendor, for in that case (should he or she be dishonest) there will be less temptation to "fake" a pedigree. I am not suggesting that the majority of dog-breeders are dishonest; heaven forbid! but they have to live, and the general public play into their hands by imagining that if a dog has a lot of champions in his ancestry he must be a better dog, and they will buy him, rather than one which comes of less distinguished stock. In that case, it is a great temptation if the breeder has a lot of surplus stock on his hands to add a "Ch." or two to the pedigree so as to sell the dog.

If you are at all suspicious about a pedigree, it is quite simple to take or send it to the Kennel Club, 80, Piccadilly, where, for a very small sum, they will verify its correctness and, at the same time, if it is wrong, Nemesis will overtake the person who produced the pedigree. This is only right, because in faking a pedigree there is the likelihood of throwing future calculations out of joint should the dog be bred from. It may not matter to you, but supposing you sell it to somebody who buys it just because they fancy that particular combination of blood lines. It means that everything they do is founded on a false basis.

Another mistake that amateurs often make is to be induced to pay a higher price for a dog because it "is registered at the Kennel Club." This registration is merely a proof that the breeder has been able to produce puppy's parents and grandparents, and it adds no more to its value beyond the fact that it proves it is not a mongrel, for which, naturally, a very small sum would be asked. There is not the slightest difference between the value of a registered pedigree puppy and an unregistered one. All breeders who are going to show, register the stock, because, without it, you cannot show, but if you are buying a puppy this registration is no proof of its superiority to any other well-bred puppy.

As I have said before, if you go to reputable kennels, nothing of the above nature will take place, but if you buy a puppy from some casual person, it is well to be warned, for an amateur can so easily be taken in by an unscrupulous dealer.

Miss Joy Waterlow, Sir Edgar Waterlow's daughter, with three young salukis at Brig.-General Lance's saluki kennels at Wrotham, Kent

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

A friend of mine who has much to do with greyhound racing, when he presented to me the photograph which you see adorning this page this week, made the remark: "Here you are; you're a greyhound gossip writer. See what they say about you."

I have had a look at the expressions of Melksham Iris and a puppy, which is with her on the left of the picture, but very little can be seen of Melksham Idleness and Makimona, which are on the right of the picture. However, Iris appears to me to be at least interested, and, judging from the active tails of the two other dogs, I think that I am being discussed with approval. But, to be serious, this picture proves rather more than the fanciful conclusion which I have drawn from it. I consider it a very fair presumption to assume that those dogs are happy; and the photograph provides yet another proof, should any be needed, that the greyhounds which race lead happy lives.

I am writing before the heats for the British Greyhound Championship—an event to which I have previously referred on this page—have taken place, but by the time you read this you will know the names of the dogs which are to compete in the White City Final on October 1st. From all parts of the country reports are coming in testifying to the great interest which is being taken in this British Greyhound Championship by all those who are concerned with greyhounds, the object of which is, of course, to find a greyhound which can truly be called the Champion of the British Isles.

Many of the provincial tracks have already run off their heats and their finals, and their champions are waiting to compete in the Area Championships which my regular readers will know are to be decided on six tracks throughout the country on October 10th. The six winners of these Area Championships will probably provide one of the greatest races which has occurred in the history of greyhound racing when they meet in the Final, to take place on October 15th at the White City in London.

It is always an extremely dangerous thing to indulge in any form of prophecy, and I certainly do not intend to do so, but to those who make a habit of going to the White City it will be interesting to see which of the many excellent dogs entered achieves the title of Champion of that track. Why I should nominate the White City in particular I do not know, for, after all, the same interest will be there for all regular patrons of the other tracks throughout the British Isles; and this, a minor interest compared with the Final result, yet remains one of the most attractive features of this new event. After the Champion of the track has proved his right to that title, then interest still remains, only in a slightly different manner. All the patrons of the respective tracks will be desirous of seeing their champion not only win the Area Championship, but go on to win the Final at the White City. I do really think that whoever evolved the idea of this event, and worked out the details, deserves a very genuine vote of thanks from all those who patronise greyhound racing tracks.

Greyhound Gossip

Melksham Iris and her puppy (left) exchanging news and views from one kennel to another with Melksham Idleness and Makimona

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"CONTOUR."

The Significance of Contour, Lexicographically and Æsthetically Considered.

CONTOUR is a word frequently used in the literature of beauty culture. Shorn of technicalities and references to "survey," the dictionary's explanation of the word is that it means quite simply, outline. Now, the importance of outline, figuratively or facially, cannot be exaggerated.

A beauty specialist once told me that all women past "a certain age" were either chicken-throated or double-chinned unless they took steps to avert these catastrophes. And it is with the idea of exhorting women to take these precautions and of advising them as to the method of so doing that I am writing this article.

Many women, who take the trouble to massage or pat creams into their faces, stop short at the chin and leave their throats untended and unnourished. And this is the explanation of the fact that stringy necks or adipose tissue, destroying the contour of an otherwise youthful face, so often give away a woman's age. No matter how flawless and unlined a complexion surmounts it, a broken chin-line inevitably destroys a youthful appearance.

A good, nourishing and stimulating skin food should be well patted in below the chin. Madam Adair's muscle

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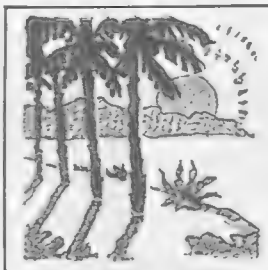
THE subject of contour has always received the attention it deserves from this well-known and experienced beauty specialist. Her special chin-strap has been for many years on the market and, together with the admirable "Ganesh" preparations, has proved of inestimable value to her clients for the preservation of the youthful contour so greatly to be desired—and admired.

THERE is always some time in the day when a woman can be alone, in fact, an interval of peace and privacy is a necessity, and should be contrived, and it is an excellent plan to wear the chin-strap at such times. Apart from the valuable support it gives to the muscles and the remoulding which it effects, the chin-strap counteracts the tendency to drop the chin and form the creases which, in time, become wrinkles or double chins. When a woman is writing, reading or sewing, she is very apt to drop her head, and the chin-strap helps to form the good habit of holding up her chin.

I AM always preaching the policy of prevention: marvels can be done to restore contour, to nourish and fill out a scraggy, aging neck, or reduce and dissipate tissue which forms double chins, but it is easier and better in every way not to lose your chin-line, so the habit of correct muscle-strapping massage round the chin and throat should be acquired early in life, and there is then no reason why a woman should ever lose the youthful contour of her face and the date of that dreaded "certain age" can be indefinitely postponed.



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The Editor's Box

The Best Way to Power

Not only the best way of getting power, but also the best way of getting light and heat as well, is to have one's own generating plant. In the depths of the country this has been, until lately, and still is in many places, the only way of having electric light at all, but, even when it is not a matter of necessity, with the discerning it remains a matter of choice.

Reliable crude-oil engines are now made in quite small, as well as large, models, and when the engine is coupled to the same bed-plate as the dynamo, the arrangement is so neat and compact that one might almost say it could be installed in a cupboard. This slight exaggeration apart, the modern generator is undoubtedly as suitable for the small establishment as for the large, and if the householder does not want it to saw wood, drive threshers, and do the jobs that an estate-owner might require of it, he can utilise the current for cooking, heating, making ice, driving his gramophone, and cleaning his house. The running of the engine is extremely economical, and there are many instances of private installations generating current which costs less than that received from the power companies.

For further particulars of generators, the new catalogue of the manufacturers, Drake and Gorham, Ltd., should be studied; it can be obtained from their head office, 39, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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Soufflé de Homard

PUT 2 oz. of flour into a stew-pan with 2 oz. of butter, and the coral (if any), a dust of cayenne, salt, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, three yolks of eggs, and half a pint of milk. Mix all these ingredients over the fire till they boil: then mince up the flesh of the lobster and add it to the boiling mixture: with a tablespoonful of boiling cream whip the whites of the eggs till very stiff. Place the soufflé-dish, after greasing it well, in a moderate oven, and bake for thirty minutes. Fasten a stiff band of buttered paper round the dish so that the paper sticks up four inches above the edge of the dish, and fill the dish only two-thirds full. Cook gently. Remove the paper, and serve quickly.

Tournedos à la Bordelaise

CUT up about 2 lb. of fillet of beef into eight neat oval slices, trim, and season them with salt and pepper, and cook in butter in a sauté-pan over a good heat; turn the slices frequently after they are slightly browned. Take up fillets, and put in a hot dish. Pour off the fat and add a gill and a half of Bordelaise sauce. Heat up and pour over fillets.

Bordelaise Sauce is a brown sauce with claret, shallots, and chopped parsley.

Aubergines Farcies

BOIL the aubergines until tender, (twenty to twenty-five minutes), and then halve them lengthways. Scoop out the pulp carefully, sieve it, and mix it with some fine bread-crumbs, a very small minced onion, and one or two chopped mushrooms, salt, pepper, and some oiled butter. Fill the skins with this mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and oiled butter, and bake in a moderate oven till browned.

Compôte de Poires

PEEL thinly some stewing pears, cut each in quarters, and take out the cores. Boil up half a pint of water with ½ lb. of granulated sugar, skim it, and add the rind of half a lemon and three cloves. When a thick syrup, add a little cochineal, pour it over the pears in a stone jar, cover with a lid, and cook gently in the oven till done.

Havas, London

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. SEPTEMBER 28, 1932.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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Usual Price **7/11** *per pair.*

Washable Hogskin Gloves, side gusset, in usual golden fawn shade, almost free from marks on back.

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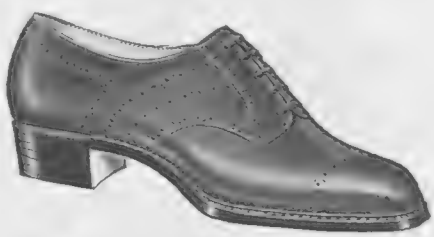

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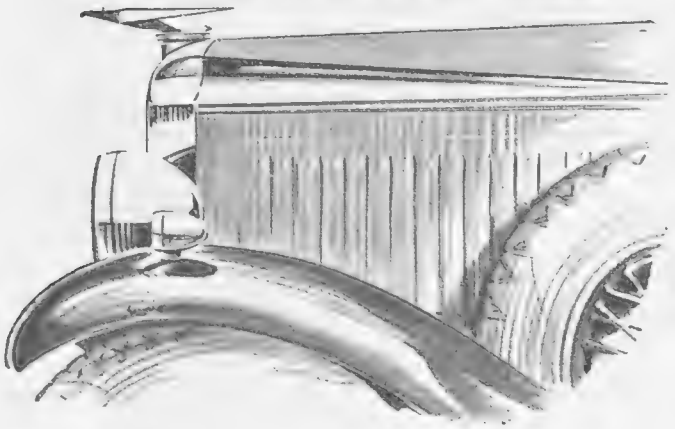

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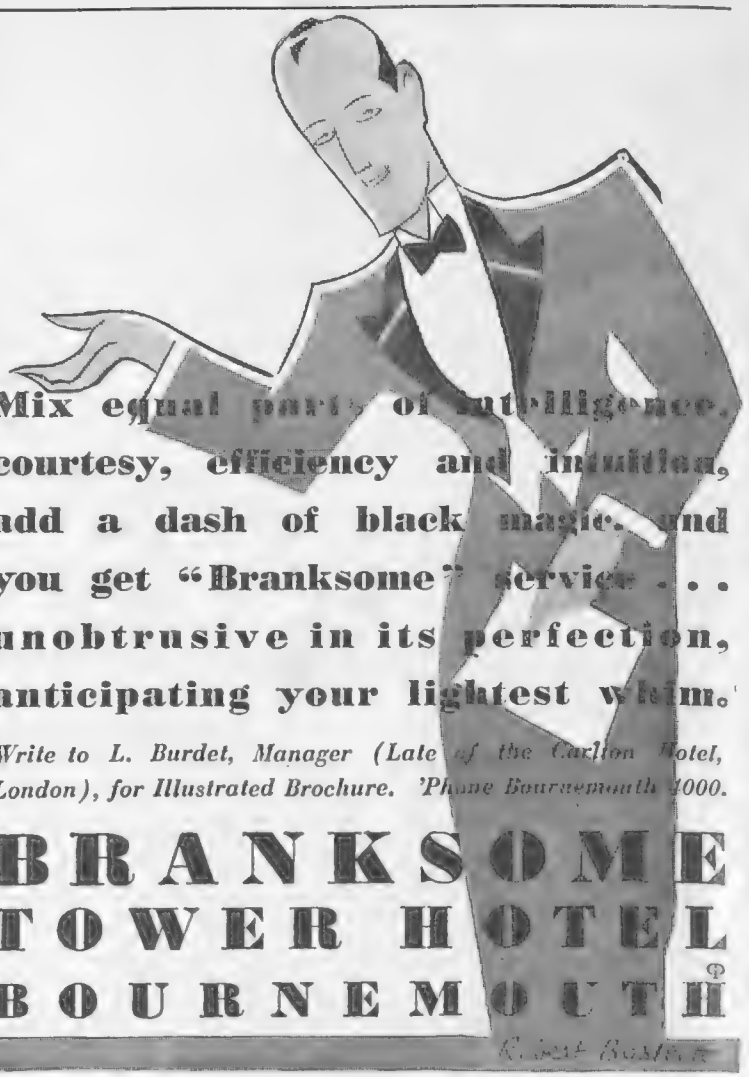

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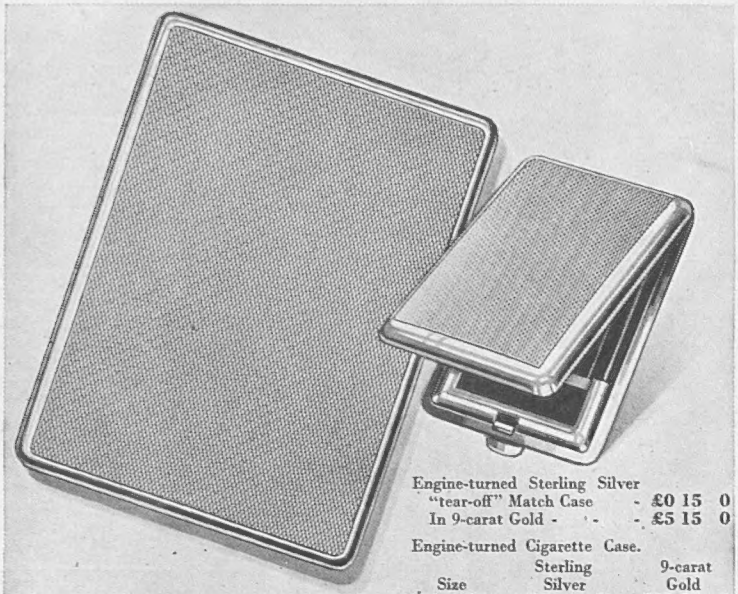

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3½ by 3¼ in.	1 10 0	12 15 0
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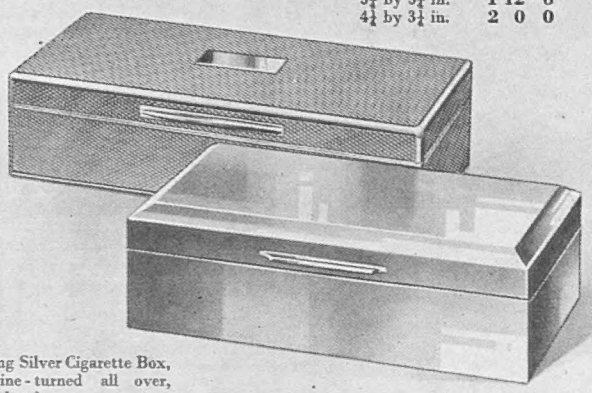

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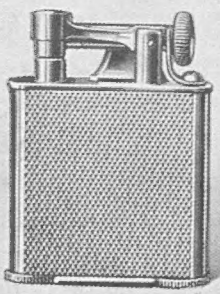

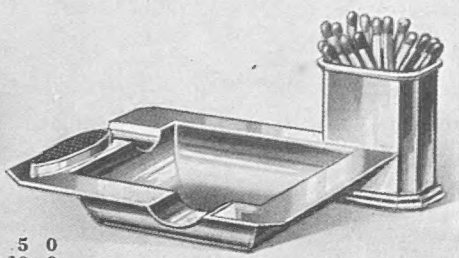

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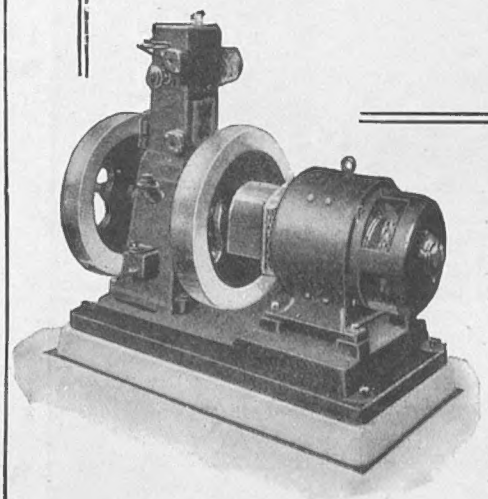

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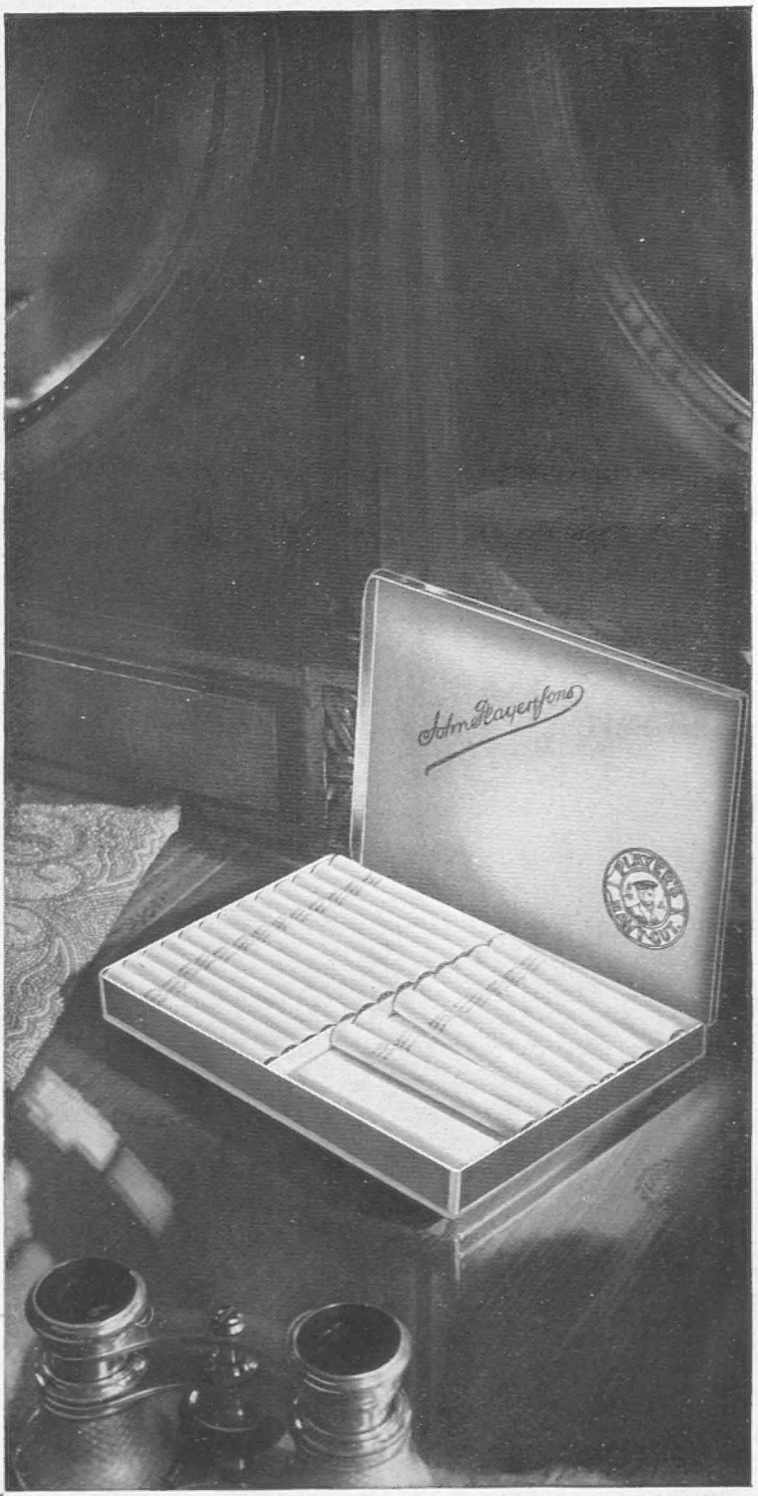

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What's in "BRITANNIA" this month?

More than ever as the days grow shorter

"This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . ."

In "MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN" *by Margery Sharp.*

A pretty girl and a man—g-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.

YOU MUST READ IT.

This beautiful signed portrait of

RONALD COLMAN

GIVEN AWAY

with this issue

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: "September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . ."

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver it

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAMNED" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"STUDY THE STARS AND DRESS YOUR LINE" *by M. O. Peak*
"ORANGES AND LEMONS" *by Julian Fitzgerald*
"A QUARTETTE IN TWO SUITES" *by Peter Blundell*
"THE LAST OF THE MATADORS" *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"FLESHPOTS" *by Lady Troubridge*
"TRAINING THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE" *by Joan Woollcombe*
"MARRIAGE" *by Gilbert Frankau*
"THE SAFEST TRAVEL ON EARTH" *by G. A. Field*
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
"MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN" *by Margery Sharp*
"I MEAN TO BE COMFORTABLE THIS WINTER" *by Winifred Lewis*
"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"BIG BUSINESS." No. 8—THE HOUSE OF GUINNESS *by Gordon Beckles*
"THAT'S LIFE OLD HORSE" *by Frank E. Verney*
"HAVE THE TALKIES ANYTHING TO SAY?" *by Sydney Tremayne*
"COMMON COMPLAINTS" *by Winifred Lewis*
BEAUTY CULTURE: *by "Chrysis"*
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"THE BEGINNING AND END OF A MEAL" *by A. H. Adair*
"A FLAT IN AUDLEY HOUSE" *by Pamela Murray*
"FASHION FORECAST" *by Madge Garland*

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

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